

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

# The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.  
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OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE?

Do you live a butterfly existence, or are you "redeeming the time" and gathering sheaves to lay at the feet of your Lord?

(See "Phantoms," page 6.)

## RUNNING ON A FLAT TIRE

Everything else may be up-to-date; you may have a late model car; gas and oil may be of the best grade, and she may be hitting on all four, six or eight; but if you get a blow-out and your tire goes flat, your progress will be hindered. You will not get very far until you stop the leak.

Did it ever occur to you that there are lots of professing Christians with a "flat tire" experience? They are trying to travel on a punctured tire. The other day I met a young fellow who continually has an "up-and-down" experience. He says he does not seem to make much progress. No wonder! I knew the reason why. He has a flat tire. I could smell "old man pipe." He is addicted to the bad habit of smoking. Yes, he not only has a flat tire, but a dirty windshield; he can not see the road for smoking.

Take the case of a young woman who does not get far in her Christian experience. She does not understand why. Yet in her hand-bag she carries a small mirror and powder puff, and is all decked up like a Christmas tree. With a "flat tire" experience, how can she get very far?

You may be a jolly good fellow and pay one hundred cents to the dollar; but if you are not running smoothly with God's Word, you won't get far on the road to Heaven.

If you are having a jolly, up-and-down journey, look at your tires. Fix the flat tire, brother, and enjoy the trip.—J. F. Beecroft, Commandant.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding.



## £100 TO STOP THE DRUM

"IF YOU will keep that drum quiet I will give you a block of land and make towards your Hall," said a well-to-do gentleman to Mrs. Brigadier Dennis, when many years ago she was stationed at a flourishing Corps in N.S.W.

"Well, I want the £100 badly enough, but I could not promise anything like that," replied the Officer. "Why you listen to a story I have to tell!"

"Certainly," replied the gentleman, when then listened attentively to the following:

In the same town lived a man who, in a fit of deep depression, had determined to end his life. Standing in a shed, with the rope already around his neck, the wretched man was about to commit the deed, when the sound of a drum made him pause. "That is The Army," thought the intended suicide. "The Army—ah, perhaps The Army can help me."

Swiftly the gleam had flashed upon his darkened mental atmosphere, and swiftly he followed it. Rushing from the shed, he made his way with frantic haste down the street, guided in his course by the boom of the drum. A few minutes later the Salvationists conducting an Open-air meeting were amazed to see this dis-

# NOW HE'S A LIFTER TOO

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean.  
His blood avails for me."

**H**OW MANY poor, sin-darkened souls, we wonder, have caught a gleam of the Eternal Radiance as a result of this simple melody being lifted up by bands of warm-hearted Salvationists on street-corner and in Hall?

Here is at least one of that number. Twenty-one years have passed since that eventful night, when he was picked up off the street, a wretched inebriate; he is now an Adjutant in The Salvation Army, in charge of one of our institutions in the Southern States. The link that binds him to Canada is Major McElhiney, to whom, under the good hand of God, he owes his regenerated condition.

To those who are sceptical of modern miracles, we urge the perusal of the following self-explanatory letter which was received by the Major recently. And to those who are already consecrated to the "vital Christian passion—the love of souls," as Jowett terms it, the missive will appear as a source of encouragement.

"Well, Major, it is over twenty-one years since that memorable night at the Toronto Temple when I volunteered to the mercy-seat, I have never looked back since then; never wobbled. Have I any regrets that I took the step? Not one. I want to thank you for the patience you had with me. Oh, I used to disturb your meetings when under the influence of liquor; I have often wondered how you stood it. Whenever I have a despairing case and people wonder at the number of times I deal with a man I always tell them 'you should have seen the patience of the Officer who

led me to Christ."

"I am married, have a beautiful wife and two children and enjoy perfect health. God put His healing hand upon me as well as saving me. I weighed 129 pounds at conversion; now I weigh 208 pounds. You wouldn't know me. I am enclosing you a folder that we used to raise money for a new Hall and institution here, and I am glad to say we succeeded. The amount raised was \$25,000. You will note the passing of my secretary, George A. Taggart, a brand plucked from the burning, a wonderful trophy of Grace; he left a beautiful testimony behind him.

"Well, you see, Major, your work and patience with me was not in vain. The multiplication goes on; you have won me, I have won several over here, who have become Officers; they, in turn have won others. You will see I am in the Social and have charge of a fine institution in the Southern Territory and enjoy the favor of God and the confidence of my leader.

"How true that old chorus they sang on the street corner the night I was converted!

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avails for me."

For me! Who would have thought, the Friday night before the Sunday when you picked me up out of the door of a store on King Street, when it was below zero, a poor weak-willed wretch, that God could have wrought such a miraculous change?

"Go on, Major, sing that chorus, 'His blood can make the vilest clean,' in every meeting you go to. I will keep on singing it on the street-corners over here."

Alfred Housdon, Adjutant.

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, August 12th—John 2:1-12

"Jesus was called . . . to the marriage."—Some one has said, "Christ's ministry opened amid scenes of human happiness. We need to learn that He is not merely a friend for our sorrow-words, but also for our times of joy. We do not think enough of this. We regard religion too much as a lamp burning dimly in a sepulchre; and not as a sun shining amid the brightness and the radiance of the fairest day."

Monday, August 13th—John 2:13-25

"He knew what was in man."—And yet in spite of this knowledge—perhaps because of it—He loved us so that He lived, and suffered, and died for us! The only reason we can make for such wonderful love is to yield ourselves to Him, body, soul, and spirit, now and for ever.

"Love so amazing, so divine,  
Shall have my soul, my life, my all!"

Tuesday, August 14th—John 3:1-13

"Ye must be born again."—There are many young people today like Nicodemus. Brought up in godly homes, they are outwardly right and upright, but they have not experienced a change of heart. Take a moment to think if this is true of you. Have you just grown up into religion because you have seen it about you all your life, or have you really been "born again?" Only by this new spiritual birth can we become children of God.

Wednesday, Aug. 15th—John 3:14-24

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the Wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."—The uplifted serpent was the only hope of the stricken Israelites. Whosoever looked to it, in faith, lived; whosoever refused or failed to look, perished.

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for this. Then look, sinner look, unto Him and be saved.  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

Thursday, August 16th—John 3:25-36

"He must increase, but I must decrease."—John's disciples expected him to share in the feelings of indignation which were surging up in their own hearts at the thought of any one daring to usurp his place. But John's spirit was so truly sacrificed that he could rejoice in the advancement of another even at his own expense. Let God give you this same beautiful and Christlike Spirit. It will bring you peace and joy.

Friday, August 17th—John 4:1-14

"God so loved."—This the foundation cause of the wonderful redemption plan so clearly outlined in the verse, said to be all He has said. Wonder at the power of this love to learn how much God's love cost Him, and how alone we may enjoy the Salvation thus provided.

Saturday, August 18th—John 4:15-30

"Sir, give me this water."—Notice how the attitude of the Samaritan as the woman changes toward Jesus as the conviction grows upon her that he really is able to be all He has said. Wonder at the power of this love to convince people, in spite of their unbelief and hardness and prejudice. The Saviour is able to give it to us, for it is the outcome of His also, for His presence and seeking always "first the Kingdom."

## Clippings from Contemporaries

hevelled figure with a rope round his neck rushing toward them.

Paying no heed to the looks of surprise he went straight into the ring where the drum was standing, and flung himself down beside it. Then he cried to God, Who met with him, and presently he stood to his feet a new creature in Christ. Later he became a Salvationist.

The gentleman was delighted with the story. "You shall have the land and the £100," he said, "but, having heard your story I could not think of asking you to stop the drum."

The benevolent gentleman continued a staunch friend of The Army and of the Officer who had helped him to appreciate The Army drum.—The New Zealand "War Cry."

## WON BY RESTITUTION

This little incident occurred behind a theatre stage during the Sunday night Prayer-meeting in one of the General's campaigns in a place whose name commences with "L"—that might be Liverpool or Leith or London.

No closer identity will be revealed because a friend of Johnstone, who overheard the conversation, thought that a breach of confidence had been committed and the facts related should not be furnished to Johnstone, he revealed to the world.

The conversation began with one Officer signalling another and saying: "This gentleman wants to tell us why he's got lots of confidence in The Army. He thinks we ought to know. Can you spare him a minute? I'm off

to do some more fishing."

"It's like this," said the gentleman, who appeared to be very excited, "I'm in business and some time ago I had an employee who pleased me very much, especially after a certain date. There seemed to be some change for the good in him, so I was very surprised when one day a customer said to me:

"That's a nice young fellow you've got in your shop! He's robbed you of a hat, and now I see him in The Salvation Army Meeting. What a hypocrite!"

"Hold on!" said I. "I'm very pleased with him, and if he has joined The Salvation Army that should make him an honest man. Don't you be too quick to condemn him!"

"I said nothing to this employee of mine, but continued to admire him, and when he gave in his notice saying he was going to The Army Training Garrison, I gave him as good a character as I could."

"Some time afterwards I received a letter from my old employee. It ran like this:

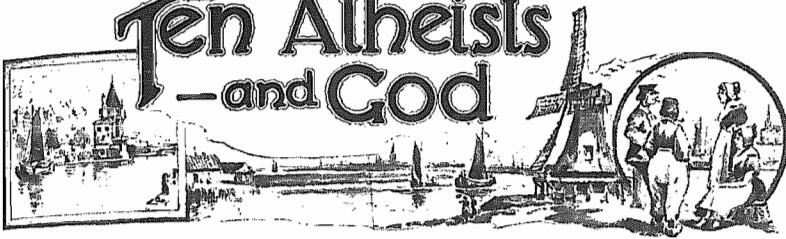
"Dear Sir,—While I was in your employ I took money from the till and some goods from the shelves, and I am now enclosing a postal order to pay for them. I want to make restitution to you."

"What do you think about that?" cried the excited gentleman. "He needn't have said a word about it. But that's your Salvation Army religion, and I think you ought to know! I won't tell you his name, though."

He did eventually whisper the

name, which was pressed for by an Officer, and who has acquired the habit of anticipating the tales he hears. The name wasn't Johnstone, but it was that of an Officer doing fine work on the British Field. But he never had a more ardent champion than his one-time employee, "Whom Christ made restitution.—British "War Cry."

# Ten Atheists —and God



## A CHALLENGE TO MOTHERS WITH UNSAVED SONS

The following remarkable story recently appeared in the "Sunday School Times." Seeing The Salvation Army had such a part in the events related we are reprinting the story for the benefit of our readers

I was brought up on a little island near the coast of Holland, and had a good home. We were a very happy family of seven boys and one girl, I being the youngest boy. But ours was a godless home. My father and mother were atheists. They were high-principled people, but sternly set against religion.

### Determined to Oppose Religion

When I was twenty-one I left to go to Holland to study law. Before leaving, my mother said to me that I was to aim high. I was to determine to "make myself." She impressed on me what we had been taught, that only what we could see was real, that if there was a spiritual world it was subversive to the material, and that the God that some people talked about was only in their imagination. She filled me with the determination to oppose religion in whatever form I might meet it. "Till then I had not read the Bible, heard of a Gospel, or ever heard a prayer. I loved my mother very much and was determined to obey her.

But there was always an unsatisfied feeling in my heart. I wanted joy. It was not pleasure I craved. I knew that if I plunged into the rivers of pleasure as I saw them, I would dash myself to pieces on the cruel rocks at the bottom. There was a still, small voice, but I did not understand it. If only someone had spoken to me then. But no one did.

We had one sister, our "queen." She was very beautiful, and we boys almost idolized her. She had lived a sheltered life and was jealously guarded against evil, especially the "evil of religion." She became engaged to a fine young man, a military officer. The time for the wedding drew near and great preparations were made. A big dancing party had also been arranged, to which a hundred and fifty guests were invited. I went home for the wedding.

### Two Days Before the Wedding

Two days before the wedding my sister was out walking in the street with a friend, when they saw an announcement that some services were being held in a hall. She inquired who these people were, and was told that they were called Salvationists, who had come from England and brought a new religion with them. She thereupon decided to enter the hall, and she sat through the service as one transfixed. For the first time in her life she heard of the love of God and the sacrifice of Jesus. She heard of God's plan to forgive sin. At the close her friend urged her to go home, but she resists. A strange light shone in her eyes as she went forward and asked the speaker if what she had said was really true.

"Yes," The Army Captain replied, "and true for you if you will believe it."

My sister knelt down and with all her heart believed it, and surrendered to God.

She went home very happy and told mother. It was a terrible blow for her, but she thought my sister would soon get over it. The next morning The Salvation Army Captain called. I watched through the window. I could not understand it. I watched the face of the woman as she talked to my mother, who met all her advances with icy answers. She said she regretted that her daughter had been "caught," but that that was the end of their influence. I saw the earnestness on the Captain's face, the light in her eyes; I knew she had something we did not possess. And I envied her.

My sister was like an angel. No

There she lay, the bride of a few hours, her life-blood staining her bridal dress. She had had a hemorrhage of the lungs; we could see that her hours were numbered. But God left her with us till the next day, so that she could speak to us all about what had become so precious to her. Mother was very hard and unbelieving, and did not even relent when the last moments came. My sister said to her, "Oh, mother, if you fight against God, you and I can never meet again. I am going to Heaven where everyone is in harmony and all love each other and God. If you resist God, you cannot come to that place."



The dance party was opened: she only danced a little

argument could shake her faith. The wedding day came. I remember looking down on the carriages as they swept up to our house (a wedding is a very great event in Holland), and I was longing for joy, but found it not even in the gay preparing for the party.

The wedding ceremony was performed, and my sister looked very lovely in her bridal robes. There was an unearthly light on her face, as if she were living in another world. The dance party was opened; she only danced a little and then, accompanied by one of her bridesmaids, went upstairs. In a short time an alarm was sent through the house and we all crowded to the upper floor.

We all gathered to see her die. We faced eternity on that Good Friday. God sometimes speaks in a still, small voice, and sometimes in a voice of thunder. In this latter way He spoke to us. This awful sorrow shook our foundations. We could not help her, and she passed from us.

### Whole Town Was Moved

The whole town was moved. As the funeral procession passed, blinds were drawn and shops closed all along the way. We were well known. The people talked in hushed tones of the young bride that lay in bridal robes in her coffin.

My mother was overcome with grief.

For a time she lost control of

her mind, and thought my sister was still a little child, and she went through the house searching everywhere for her and calling her baby name. The doctor said the only hope was a complete change. My father hurriedly engaged a nurse, not waiting to inquire if she were "religious" or not. Under the guiding hand of God a Christian nurse was engaged. This woman set herself steadily to seek healing for both the weary mind and the sick soul.

### Returned a Changed Woman

At the end of a year my mother returned restored in mind, and a changed woman. As she came into the room I saw the same look in her eyes that I had seen in The Army Captain's when she had come to visit my sister. Mother laid a Bible on the table and said:

"I am fifty years old, and I have just found out that I have built my life wrongly. I have shut out God. But I am starting now to live right. And I am going to pray till every one of my family is converted. I am going to make it the business of my life to win you one by one to God. I believe God will allow me to live to see you each converted. When any of you feel yourselves even a little interested in God you will know that He is answering my constant prayers for you." She then knelt down and prayed for us all.

### I Hear My First Sermon

We were all bitterly opposed to her religion. She went on her way believably and prayerfully. One day she asked me to go to church with her. I loved her too much to refuse. That was the first time in my life I had entered a church or heard the Gospel preached. I myself had often given addresses on atheism. I made up my mind I would not listen to the preacher. I said I to myself: "How can that man believe what he preaches?" I found, after a while, that I was compelled to listen, and I was strangely moved by his words. My whole being seemed to be influenced, and I was strangely impelled to yield and believe. But I pulled myself up sharply and repulsed this influence. "This is man's imagination," I said; "it will have nothing to do with it."

I was strangely unhappy. I was still seeking joy and finding it not. I listened to talks on character culture; I searched into science; strove to reach heights of education; tried to find happiness in helping the poor; yet I failed to find what I was seeking. I know now it is not giving—it is receiving; receiving new life from God.

### Some Disappointing Advice

I heard of a minister who was called "modern," and I visited him. I explained my search after joy, and he told me I was taking life too seriously—said I needed amusement, invited me to dinner, and said we would have some games later. I was disappointed.

I spent nine months of misery. One day I was so sick that I could find no satisfaction. Life seemed such a burden, that I determined to end it. I went to the beach and, without telling anyone (it would all appear accidental), I got into my bathing suit and swam as far out to sea as I could. My strength gave out, and, before sinking into unconsciousness, looking up to the heavens I cried, "If there is a God, I hate you. You took my sister away."

But someone had noticed my swimming so far out, and help was sent. When I became conscious I found myself staring at the wall-paper in my own room. It was a keen disappointment. I thought I had finished my life.

When I recovered I left home one (Continued on page 13)

## OUR FIRST WEEK-END IN KENYA

By Mrs. Major Maxwell

IT WAS Easter week-end and we were appointed to visit the Thika Section. Thika is some thirty miles from Nairobi, accessible by motor car, and not bullock cart as would have been the case had we still been in India—travelling off the rail track. We were informed before starting out, that the car was not noted for its good behaviour, but the full significance of this should not dawn upon our minds until the Major and the Captain, who were driving when driving was possible, stood feeling all that could never be told of the equatorial sun, while they at one time mended punctures, at another the booter, at another more and even more punctures, until at length we were compelled to abandon the car, and seek another means of transit. Never had the bullock cart treated us in such fashion!

Our destination, however, was reached eventually; the green painted, red-roofed building, conspicuous among Thika structures for its cleanly appearance was pointed out to us as The Army Hall. Soon after arrival we held our first meeting. Some among the congregation were eager to see the Major concerning the likelihood of being accepted as apprentices in the Nairobi Weaving School. All these matters were gone into at the close of a very happy and blessed gathering.

Sunday morning we started off with Kneel-drill in real Salvation Army style. Very creditable indeed was the attendance. An Open-air followed; this was held at the Thika market, where large crowds surrounded us, drinking in every word of song and testimony. These Open-air meetings present a remarkable opportunity for propagating the Gospel among the Africans, who, unlike our Indian comrades—are free to accept Christ without danger to caste. The Kenya Salvation Soldier is an Open-air fighter, and has no waiting for testimony, and the crowd stood attentively until the moment when we marched, some one hundred strong to the Hall.

Salvation Army Halls in Kenya are

used during the week-day, up to 8 p.m. quite frequently, as day schools. The youth of this Colony are anxious to learn. This means that the doors of the Halls are rarely closed for many hours together. Here again is a great opportunity for the Officer, who succeeds in making many of his pupils into Soldiers.

grateful indeed were we to the Captain who so manipulated the car as to permit of our ever arriving at Ukamba. Lonell, and loneller the way became, till we found ourselves wondering if it were possible to find any people at the place where we were to conduct the meeting, the chief feature of which was to be the dedi-



Mrs. Major Maxwell, with parents and children whom she dedicated to God and The Army at Ukamba. Captain Johanna, the Corps Officer, and Captain Jeffries, are also in the photo.

At eleven o'clock sharp we arrived at the Hall, which was almost filled with an enthusiastic crowd mostly composed of men. One seeker for Salvation was registered.

A hasty meal and we were off again for a twenty mile drive to Ukamba. Oh such a road! Ensign Brooks, the Sectional Officer, accompanied us, and

cation of three children. Suddenly we rounded a bend on the hill, and sighted the grass-roofed, open-sided Hall; as quickly too The Salvation Army pass word sounded out to greet us. "Hallelujah"—In Africa, Canada, India, or England, brings liberty and puts all at ease. Here the Hall was packed to its utmost capacity; the

first three rows were filled with women, the majority of whom were dressed in clean white frocks and caps. Behind them some one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, mostly in khaki shorts and coats, and several wearing some badge of uniform, sat becoming their welcome and shouting their Hallelujahs.

Three babies were to be dedicated. First I was asked to act as godmother for the wee folk; the girl we dedicated should be a Miriam, one boy David, the father of the third child suggested a Biblical name to which we agreed, all the "Hallelujahs." While we sang "Mother's Lullaby," the parents brought the children to the platform, but as each man seemed nervous and each woman shy, it was not easy to couple them up correctly, until Captain Johanna, the Officer in charge, came to our assistance. The presence of God was mightily felt in this meeting, and I was convinced that the seriousness of the service was fully grasped by the parents who were offering the children to God, as well as by the audience who took in every word.

The Captain who took the accompanying picture had quite a time to secure the same. The babies were strapped on to the mother's back, and considerable persuasion was needed before they were induced to bring them forward. Even the babies seem to prefer the comfort of the sling.

Kenya Colony is a land of opportunity to the would-be seeker. While the Major and I are here particularly in the interests of the ladies, yet our faith is high that this means will be productive of much of the precious fruit, the securing of which is the object of our consecration to the Mission Field, in Kenya as in India, during the years which have gone.

[NOTE—Mrs. Maxwell is a Canadian Missionary Officer who went to India some years ago from the Liverpool Street Corps, Toronto. She will perhaps be better remembered by some comrades as Captain Daisy King.]

## REBECCA JARRETT'S REPARATION

A THRILLING REVIVAL OF EARLY ARMY HISTORY

**MYSTERIOUS WORDS!** An exhortation to repentance, and then: "I leave it to you the years that the locust hath eaten" (Joel 2:25). How can it be done? All of us have wondered. An answer is found in the story of Rebecca Jarrett's reparation.

### Repented With Tears

Poor Rebecca repented, with fasting, weeping, and mourning, but for long she could not believe that God could even forgive such sins as hers had been—the trapping and selling of innocent children into a life of shame. Much she would have dreamed that He would use her as an instrument of righteousness—"An essential link," the General called her—for completing a powerful chain of evidence.

The story is so wonderful, so exciting, that we can hardly tell it calmly.

Back in the earliest days of Women's Social Work, Mrs. Booth received from Northampton a woman who had kept a house of ill-fame in London. Captain Hawker Jones had visited her in sickness—and after long effort—induced her to enter The Army Home, sure that Mrs. Booth would do the rest.

### A Fight for a Soul

Day after day, for some weeks, the great conflict for Rebecca's soul was waged in that Home, love and prayer holding her fast when all the powers of evil tried to drag her back to sin. Finally Mrs. Booth, Miss Sapsworth, and others knelt around her, claiming her for God, demanding that He should not let her return

to the old life, for the sake of the poor girls whom she had kept in her house.

At five o'clock one afternoon, after seven hours' continuous prayer and pleading, Rebecca fell at the feet of Jesus and acknowledged her misery and sin. She was washed in His precious Blood, and a love was implanted in her heart which was to become the controlling influence of all her future.

At this time, Mrs. Booth, a young wife and mother, often cried herself to sleep over the abominations which her work among women and girls had brought to light, and our General—her husband—suffered with her.

A day came when Rebecca Jarrett's knowledge of the underworld of vice was needed by The Salvation Army. She who had once been a tool of the Evil One was now to be used by God to liberate infinitely greater numbers than had formerly been enslaved through her wickedness. But a heavy price was required of her.

### Paid the Price

She paid it, in agreeing to go back among her old associates and arrange for the purchase of a girl of thirteen for a few pounds, facing all that was involved in that undertaking.

The little girl—Eliza Armstrong—was bought, handed over to Mr. W. T. Stead, Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and sent to France under safe escort. Both his motive in buying and sending her, and Major Combe's in receiving her, were pure and good, but then and Rebecca Jarrett had broken the Criminal Law.

Writing up the whole affair in the

"Pall Mall Gazette," Mr. Stead—who had been asked by Mr. Bramwell Booth (our present General) to co-operate with The Salvation Army in a definite resolve to get the Criminal Law altered—exposed the hell of the traffic in children so cunningly and secretly carried on, with a force and energy never before known in journalism.

None who were newspaper readers in 1885 can forget his mighty series of articles on "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon."

Without the abduction of that girl all his burning words might have been dismissed as newspaper sensationalism. But the daring action provided ungainsayable evidence and startled his readers into acute attention, dividing them into two camps.

### Placed on Trial

Opponents of reform saw and seized their opportunity and the Government was compelled to prosecute. In the course of events Mr. Bramwell Booth (our present General), Mr. T. W. Stead, and Rebecca Jarrett were placed on trial at the Old Bailey—"the most sensational trial of the nineteenth century" it proved to be.

Mr. Bramwell Booth was acquitted. Mr. Stead was found guilty of aiding and abetting in the assault, and Rebecca Jarrett was found guilty on both charges. The sentence received by Mr. Stead was three months in the second division; Rebecca Jarrett's sentence was six months.

### In a Dire Strait

Poor Rebecca suffered untold agonies during that terrible trial. She had earlier been induced by her former companions in vice to swear never to give them away. Now, in court, she had to swear to tell the whole truth. So she was in a dire strait—and young and weak Convert

as she was—she lied to protect her old confederates lest they should think a reclaimed woman could break her word to them.

This discredited her evidence and damaged the case. But the two hours' pleading of Mr. Charles Russell, her gifted advocate—who delivered the speech of his life that day—made the breathless listeners see the facts, and when he finished there was not a dry eye in the court.

Rebecca went to prison, cowed and broken-hearted, but carrying her precious Bible—Mrs. Booth's gift—with her, and endures that long six months' captivity and humiliation verily for the sake of those she had earlier injured.

That Bible, thumbed and underlined, lay on her coffin the day in February, last, when Commissioner Lamb, assisted by Commissioner Catherine Booth, conducted the funeral of eighty-one-year-old Rebecca, and a large company of Women's Social Officers and other comrades praised God for her redemption and for His grace and redemption in using her as she had done. She was buried under the Colours she loved, in Abbey Park Cemetery.

### A Monist Petition

The chain of evidence in which she had been an essential link had led to the passing, in 1885, of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. This reform was greatly helped by a monist petition organized by the General and signed by 343,000 people, widely carried to Westminster on a large open wagon.

Its purpose was gained when the "age of consent" was raised by the Act to sixteen years.

Rebecca Jarrett, a whole-hearted Salvationist to the end—had hidden from the world and known by no other name than Rebecca Jarrett, a happy name! The Army's care during her declining years.



# NEW LEADERS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND

## A Sketch of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson

Nearly forty years have elapsed since young George Dickerson came into close contact with The Salvation Army. At that time he resided with his parents in a small Lancashire village not far from Bamber Bridge. One day the Officer from the Corps at that town, a certain Captain Busby, came to the village calling "War Cry." He knocked at the door of the Dickersons' home and George's mother went to see who there was.

### All Through a "War Cry"

"Will you please buy a 'War Cry'?" said the Captain. "It contains an account of the death of Mrs. Booth."

Now Mrs. Dickerson had heard about the wonderful work of General and Mrs. Booth and she was interested. For a time the two stood talking about Mrs. Booth and The Army. "Will you come in?" said Mrs. Dickerson to the Captain. "My husband is very sick and I would like you to pray with him."

The Captain gladly entered the house to pray with the sick man. Before he left he had arranged to return and hold a meeting in the house for his special benefit. At that memorable meeting Mrs. Dickerson gave her heart to God, and at the next meeting her husband professed conversion. A month later he went home to be with God, leaving a fine testimony behind that all was well.

### Couldn't Keep Away

Army meetings were regularly held in the house after that, but George very much objected to them and for some time, therefore, he kept out of the way on meeting night, but was finally persuaded to attend. The noisy "Hallelujahs," the handclapping, and the general freedom of the gathering "disgusted" him, to use his own term, and he resolved to have nothing more to do with that sort of religion. But somehow or other, when meeting night came round again, he couldn't keep away. At the third meeting he attended God's Spirit took hold of him in a mighty way and he shook with conviction. That night he surrendered to God.

When George was nineteen he felt

the call to Officership and he left the Corps for the Training Garrison in London at the same time as Candidate Alice Johnson, who afterwards became his wife.

Mrs. Dickerson had a very trying experience as a Soldier. But her courage and tenacity of purpose never once wavered, and despite all the difficulties and hindrances which she had to face, she won through and eventually entered the Training Garrison.

For five years our comrades labored



Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson

faithfully in fields far apart, and in 1900 were married at Sunderland IV.

Unitedly they commanded a number of Corps in the north of England, with good success. At Gainsboro, their last appointment in the Old Country, a wonderful revival broke out during which four hundred people, including many drunkards, gamblers, jail-birds, and all sorts of desperate characters were gloriously saved.

In the midst of this work they re-

ceived a telegram asking if they would go on foreign service. Their answer was "Anywhere for Jesus." Three months later they were on their way to South Africa.

Cape Town I was their first appointment in the new land, and here they had a glorious season of soul-saving during the eight months they remained. Then came orders for Johannesburg. The change from what they had been experiencing in England and Cape Town was so great that for a time their faith wavered.



There was no Hall, few Soldiers, and humbly speaking, very little prospect of carrying on Army work.

But they realized that they had been sent there to make an Army where one did not exist and not to build on another's foundations. The opportunity was before them and they rose to it. The story of their struggle is too long to tell in detail. They rented a store at an exorbitant rent, collected money for chairs, advertised the opening meeting; got

the Territorial Commander to pre-side and had the place gorged. This was the beginning of a splendid work and during the three years of their stay hundreds of souls were saved; a fine Corps was built up and a Band formed.

Following these episodes of success in Corps work, there came a call to Staff work, and in several appointments of varying and rising importance they continued their labors in South Africa, passing through some exciting experiences in connection therewith, as one might imagine.

### Appointed to Canada West

Then after nineteen years in the Union came a call to another move on, and so leaving behind them two of their family, which in itself was no small sacrifice to people of such strong parental feelings, they marched forward for Canada West.

It was no small compensation, however, that in connection with this change of appointment they had an opportunity of meeting many old comrades in England.

The Colonel's first appointment in Canada West—indeed his only appointment—was that of Secretary for Men's Social Affairs and Special Efforts; it can easily be imagined that the work in these connections has been of an exacting character.

### A Warm Tribute

In speaking of the past four years, during which Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson have labored in Canada West, Lt.-Commissioner Rich, the Territorial Commander, at the farewell gathering in Winnipeg, spoke of the Colonel as a tremendous champion for the work over which he had oversight. His enthusiasm and unflinching cheerfulness had won for him the esteem of the Officers and employees under him, and his help in the Sunday night Prayer-meetings—when he was to be seen at his best—was of inestimable value.

Quoting a remark overheard from a man who had been greatly impressed by the Colonel's Prayer meeting leadership, the Commissioner said: "He is just the very man for Newfoundland."

We bespeak for Newfoundland's new Leaders a most warm welcome from comrades all over the Canada East Territory, and especially from the loyal and hearty comrades of the Sea Girl Isle.

May God richly bless and prosper their stay.

## SAFE-CRACKER CAPTURED

Caught by the law he spent many years in prison till caught by The Army

Walter—left his native Canada for the United States early in life. There he made companions of the wrong people and strayed far from the straight and narrow path.

As time went on, he drifted from folly to crime until he became well-known to the police as a "safe-cracker." He was eventually caught and served three years in prison. When he came out he went right back to the old life and was soon in the toils of the law again for a second offence. This time his sentence was seventeen years.

At the end of fourteen years he was paroled in care of The Army. Lieut.-Commissioner McIntyre, who took great care of him, sent him to Canada, and enlisted the help of an Officer in this Territory in an effort to find his relatives, with whom he had lost touch during his imprisonment.

It was soon found that all his relatives were dead, the last being a sister who, to show her displeasure at the disgrace Walter had brought upon the family, left all her possessions, which were considerable, to a stranger. The Officer made an appeal to this party to help get Walter a fresh start in life, and was refused

## HOSPITAL WORK IN INDIA

By Ensign M. B. Payne

Medical work in India, as in all other lands, is not without its interest, its discouragements and its joy. Here in Dhariwab we have a fine Hospital known as the MacRobert. Staff-Captain (Dr.) and Mrs. Burfoot are the Officers in charge, and they have great hopes for its continued usefulness. There are three European nurses and a small but faithful staff of Indian workers. Major Smith, who hails from England, is the Matron, Captain Mary Smith, from the beautiful land of the Maple, skillfully prepares for all operations; the writer works in the out-patients department. Since the

in a most decisive fashion.

The poor chap was badly disheartened, but appreciated very highly The Army's efforts to help him. In the words of the Officer who looked after his case, "He responded to every bit of treatment we gave him." It was a hard struggle, and The Army had to carry him over more than one stile, but ultimately he made good.

Four years have passed, he is now working steadily, paying his way, and is a thoroughly desirable citizen.

beginning of this year to the present time there have been over seven thousand patients treated in this Hospital. Our work starts about 6.30 a.m., and we work until the heat becomes too intense, then we rest until it's a little cooler, and then work up to 6.30 p.m. It is only the knowledge that we are comforting and helping men and women who are in need that really keeps us happy and interested.

A man brought his wife and child to the Hospital in the very worst condition, the child was starving, just the bones with skin over them, nothing more. The child was placed under our care by the Doctor, who at once ordered the best of nourishing food for it; in a few days it was like a new child, we gave special attention to it, went out of our daily routine to bring the child to health; this is what happened. One day when we went back on duty we found the whole family gone; we knew the child could never live away from special care, now it was taken away to dirty, unwholesome places, so far as we could see, time and money wasted, but we smile and carry on.

Another little boy whose face was eaten badly by small worms; just

when we got it to look better, the father refused to come any longer. So we can go on telling little incidents by the dozen. Just one more case, which may prove to be a blessing as it has blessed me. Some years ago a child belonging to the criminal tribes was handed over to The Salvation Army, and in due course she became an Officer. Shortly afterwards she was taken down with consumption; she was brought to this Hospital and for some months we treated her with the greatest of care, but in vain. One morning the angel of Death came and bore her away to the Home; she was ready to enter. I never saw anyone suffer more patiently. When asked if she was afraid to die her answer was short and sure, "No, I am ready to die and go to be with Jesus." By her death we were made stronger in the fight.

To-day we watched over a Hindu man while he was passing into the Great Beyond. We questioned him on the Christian faith; he believed Christ to be a great Teacher, so do we, but, oh, we were glad to tell him Christ is a greater Saviour than a Teacher, that He is all in all to them who believe. In a few hours he had gone to meet Him Whom he believed to be a great Teacher, and I believe met the Saviour of his soul.

We ask Canadian readers of "The War Cry" to hold us up in prayer.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY ASSISTANT Y.P.S.-M. EARL,

Hamilton III

On Sunday, July 8th, our dear comrade Eva Earl went to be with her Lord and Master. Converted when just a girl, she started at once to win others. When still in her teens she and another girl (now Captain C. Turner) commenced to look after the children that came along on Sunday night so that their parents could better enjoy the meeting. And didn't they have a good time in the little services they held! They never failed to have a penitent-form, and many a young child has been saved through their influence. Later, our young comrade started to work in the Primary, and also had charge of the Directory for a while. She also held the position of Young People's Treasurer, after which she became Assistant Young People's Sergeant-Major, which position she held at the time of her death.

Until taken ill, Sister Earl regularly conducted the Young People's meeting on Monday evenings, and always held an Open-air, even if she had to stand alone.

Her passing has been a great blow to her family and to the Corps. We all loved her, she was such a beautiful character, and her testimony was an inspiration. Her whole desire was to be a channel of blessing. Her passing was beautiful. She said that all was well and that she was going to her Rest. Just before the end came she repeated, with her father, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," and also her favorite song, "Jesus, the very thought of Thee."

Her last message to her beloved Primary Class was, "Ask them to grow up to be good." Field-Major Wiseman, supported by several other Officers, conducted the Funeral service. The Band, as well as the Songster Brigade, of which she was a member, was present. Comrades gathered from all over the city to pay her tribute. The Hall was packed and the streets were lined with people. The Memorial service was conducted on Sunday, July 15th, by Field-Major Wiseman, when the Hall was again filled to capacity. Several comrades concerning her life and influence, her father paying special tribute to her home life.

At the close of the service two comrades sought our young comrade's Saviour.—N. W. H.

## BROTHER T. HANDFORD, Kingston

Brother Thomas Handford, who was recently promoted to Glory, was a Soldier of Kingston Corps for a number of years; a faithful, loyal and devoted worker, filling the position of Sergeant, and being unfailing in his duties as Welcome Sergeant and doorkeeper. His cheery smile and friendly words are sadly missed. His death came suddenly, after only a few days' illness. Ensign Falle conducted the Funeral service, assisted by Commandant Barclay, and the employees of the firm for which he worked acted as pallbearers. An impressive march, headed by the Band, showed to the citizens of this city the respect in which this humble Soldier of Jesus Christ was held. An impressive Memorial service was held on the Sunday.

Our prayers and sympathies go to Sister Mrs. Handford and the two little ones who are left to mourn the loss of husband and father.

# PHANTOMS

(See Frontispiece)

Rejecting the hours as they come.  
Silently, swiftly, one by one,  
A woman idly sat one day,  
Driving the long, sweet hours away.  
One hour said: "Use me: I'm young  
and strong;

I'm as large as the rest, sixty minutes  
long."  
But she frowned, and said: "Ah me,  
alas!  
Will these long, long hours never  
pass?"

One said: "A widow in sore distress  
Is weeping in sorrow; go quickly,  
dress  
And use me to soothe her grief and  
woe;  
Don't stop or loiter, but quickly go!"  
But she lolled in negligence and said:  
"I sometimes wish that I were dead:  
The hours drag so wearily by!"  
So that hour passed to eternity.

One came and said: "Take me and  
rest,  
I'm dark and silent, not like the rest."  
But she danced the sweet night hours  
away,

And went to sleep at break of day.  
But one sad day this woman woke.  
Her hair was grey, her spirit broke;  
Friends were gone, her fortune run  
through.

Too late she awoke from her dreams  
and knew  
That the day was drawing frightfully  
near  
When Death with his ghoulish scythe  
would appear.  
Then her lethargy she cast aside,  
And wept and wrung her hands and  
cried,  
"Oh! for a few short hours," she said.  
"There is so much to do ere time is  
led!"

Then one by one rose quick and fast  
The ghost of the unused hours past.  
One said: "I'm the hour you flung  
away  
And sacrificed to a whim that day;  
The widow died in her poverty.  
Now I can come no more," said he.

Another phantom said: "I came  
Long years ago; I'm not to blame;  
You killed me, and said I lived too  
long,  
And yet you were young and well and  
strong."

Thus one by one their stories they  
told,  
When the woman was poor, and grey,<  
and old;  
I heard her murmur: "It's true what  
they say!"  
While quickly these phantoms fled  
away.  
Then, with weary heart and faltering  
step,  
She said: "There may be time for me  
yet!"

So she started down life's winding  
street,  
And another woman chanced to meet.  
This woman was young and sweet and  
fair.

And the sunlight kissed her golden  
hair;  
This woman was carrying a sheaf of  
wheat

To lay at the blessed Master's feet.  
For her time flew as swift as a wing-  
ed bird.

And these were the words our wan-  
derer heard:  
"I would that the hours were twice as  
long.  
I would that I were twice as strong;  
For my garnered sheaves they are so  
few."

But my Master knows how the hours  
fly.  
My blessed Saviour knows it all—  
That I have obeyed His every call;  
I've fed the hungry, the naked clad.  
The widowed and fatherless made  
glad;  
The time was short or my sheaves  
would be more!"

And swiftly on, she her burden bore.  
Dear friends, the time is yours to-day.  
The glad, bright hours you throw  
away  
May be used for Him, be fit and meet.  
To garner sheaves to lay at His feet.

## GLEANINGS FROM THE MEN'S SOCIAL

Almost as soon as the doors of the Men's Social Office opened on the day morning a woman came in with a sorrowful tale of rent being due to work, but in ill health and unable to expect to go into the hospital any day. While the Officer was taking down particulars and giving advice, another woman came in broken hearted because her husband had been drinking and sent to jail. The first woman realized that although her own case was a very distressing one, the woman whose husband had been sent to jail was far worse, because of the disgrace attached to it and she cried for sympathy for the poor woman.

She made the remark that she didn't know what the people in the street and sorrow would do without the Salvation Army, they were so good in the poor.

Commandant Bunton, accompanied by Sister Olive Port and Mr. E. Crowe, spent a very profitable day at the Men's and Women's Farms.

At Langstaff Jail Farm one came right from the back seat and knelt at the front, and got gloriously saved. He said he had a very sore heart, but he wanted Jesus to live in him. Mr. Crowe's sales of bread on the day were of great inspiration and blessing. Sister Olive Ford spoke to the women at Concord.

We are sorry to have to report that Captain Bradley, of the Men's Social, has been taken to the Isolation Hospital with smallpox, and his parents, with whom he was spending his furlough in Toronto, have had to be quarantined. Pray for our comrades.

Major and Mrs. Watson from Hazelton, were recent callers at the Men's Social Headquarters and gave a good report of the work in Hazelton.

A young boy of seventeen who had strayed away from home was handed over to Commandant Bunton, who arranged for his fare to be paid to his home in Kitchener. The Officer charged with the case has been in the after the boy and help him in every way possible.

Ensign Waters, of Sault Ste. Marie, writes as follows:

"We have been conducting a weekly meeting at the County Jail in the Sault. Three jail meetings have been held by Sergeant May, who has had some very gratifying results. Almost all have been very good for the past three weeks, and during that period a number have been saved. There is little doubt that our comrades' presence and ready help was the means of saving the boys' lives."

The visit of Colonel Adby and Staff-Captain Wright was much appreciated by all, and in the final meeting they conducted every boy raised his hand and pledged himself to a life of service to Scout ideals.

The visit of Colonel Adby and Staff-Captain Wright was much appreciated by all, and in the final meeting they conducted every boy raised his hand and pledged himself to a life of service to Scout ideals.

## Life-Saving Scouts of The London Division

Have profitable and enjoyable time at Port Franks — Scout-Leader rescues lad from drowning

Down a beautiful roadway flanked by thick woods we come to Port Franks Camp, beautifully situated on a picturesque river flowing into Lake Huron, a little farther down.

Here the Life-Saving Scouts of the London Division have pitched their tents for the camping season. Boys and young men from the London 11 and St. Thomas Troops are enjoying themselves at the camp, while constant efforts are put forth by them and their leaders for their development along the lines of the fourfold Scout pledge for the Salvation of the body, mind, soul, and others.

Many of the Scouts have tried and passed examinations for Proficiency Badges of various kinds. The First-Aid lessons by Instructor Priest have been particularly helpful and much appreciated. Among the expeditions undertaken by the Scouts were a twenty-mile hike and a trip down the river and out on to Lake Huron, where the boys were greatly interested by the sight of the fishermen setting their nets in the lake.

As the time to be spent in camp is all too short, the leaders make the most of every moment, even the games being made a means of instruction as well as pleasure.



Colonel Adby, Staff-Captain Wright, Captain Wright, Scout-Leader Vanderheiden, and Patrol Leaders

**CENTENARY CALL  
CAMPAIGN  
EXTRA OPEN-AIRS DURING  
AUGUST**

**CENTENARY CALL  
CAMPAIGN  
Be at your post in the Open-air**

# Army Activities in Other Lands

*A Review of  
Our World Wide  
Operations*

**T**HE WORK among the blind is going forward. At the inauguration of the Blind School, the Colonial Secretary, who will then be Acting Governor, will open the School and preside at a meeting in the Ward Theatre when a series of

**WEST  
INDIES  
WEST**

pictures on "How to prevent blindness," will be shown. The Army's Home for women and girls, "The Cedars," which has now been called "Bethesda," is more than ever filling a great need in the city. It is quite a common thing for the Magistrate's Court, as well as the Supreme Court, to hand over girls to The Army on probation, with a charge given them to remain there. The Government, as well as the Magistrates and Judges, are thankful for the assistance it provides. The existence of the Home helps them out of many difficulties in dealing with girls who come be-

Jeya Das (Hancock) the Commander, visited the Central Hall Y.P. Corps and the writer was charmed with the ready response to various questions put by the Commander, and also by the eager attention given to his address. At night the Corps Officers saw a large number of men waiting outside the Hall for a funeral that was to leave at ten p.m.; so he offered to lend them a bench to sit upon, an offer which they were glad to accept. There and then he took the opportunity of talking to them about Salvation. It was quite an improvised little meeting, and it is evident that his words made some impression for later a number of them came around to the Open-air meeting and listened attentively to the message, and some of them attended the Salvation meeting inside the building.

**T**HERE is a marked and growing body of friendly opinion concerning The Salvation Army in

**Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie directs the play of a group of girls from the Peeking Girls' Home**



groups of comrades passing on their way to their respective Open-air stands, made us feel as though we were almost within a few miles of International Headquarters instead of in the capital of Czechoslovakia. The people who thronged around listened with the keenest interest to the testimonies of our comrades.

itself with the situation of these people without homes; for the individuals who find themselves in this situation in life it must be very sad not to have a place to pass the night."

There are many, many people in Santiago who are very badly housed, without firing and therefore unable to obtain a hot meal. In order to help make the way easier for such people, a soup-kitchen is to be inaugurated in a few days, and it is to be hoped that hundreds of plates of good soup will be provided daily for the three most needy months. The Mercy League brought to light the other day the results of many hours of work away from the public eye, when three hundred articles of clothing were distributed to poor people in our Santiago Hall. Very naturally the gifts were much appreciated. Information regarding the recent earthquakes in Peru received from our Officers there reveals the fact that many people have suffered from the shock, and that many have been deprived of their homes. A Public Relief Fund has been opened in the district and our Officers are actively engaged in assisting the suffering in every possible way to alleviate their distress.

**A**DJUTANT MAADIE, who, together with his three comrades, has recently arrived from England, where they have been undergoing special training, speaking at a great gathering of native Salvationists at Johannesburg, said, "We did not go to learn the language, but to see the place where The Salvation



**A Chinese Native Lieutenant, with women-prisoners to whom she ministers. The two on the left are serving life sentences**

fore them. Apart from this, the Home is of great service to girls who are stranded in Kingston and need a place of temporary accommodation.

Some of our friends in Havana recently invited Brigadier Walker to give an address on The Salvation Army and were so delighted at what the Brigadier said that they have sought The Army's help in connection with the needy poor, whom they desire to assist. One of the local papers recently printed an interesting article on the work of The Army, and an article was published in another paper on the same day. The Brigadier has been asked if he would supply the poor children who go hungry to school with free tea and coffee and bread. He has undertaken to do this and steps are being taken to send a number of poor children into the country.

**MAJOR GAYUNA (WILBY),** General Secretary for Burma, sends the following:

"The weather here is breaking, we shall shortly be in the midst of our wet season. On Sunday, a hurricane of wind which fortunately lasted only a few minutes, did a lot of damage. Houses were so badly damaged that the fire brigade had to be called out, and a number of people had to seek refuge where they could. On the river quite a number of lives were lost among the people who work on the small craft which ply up and down. Fortunately our various properties escaped damage, for which we thank God. All the Officers appear to be well, and those at Kalaw report that they are having excellent times. Yesterday (Sunday), Lieut.-Colonel

Czechoslovakia,

**CZECHOSLOVAKIA**

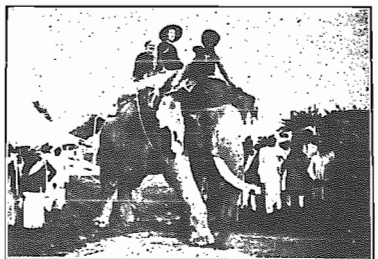
where Lieut.-Commissioner Friedrich, the Territorial Commander, and our comrades generally keep on with their God-glorifying work of winning the wayward for Christ. From the beginning and notwithstanding many a difficulty, there has been a tide of healthy influence in favor of The Army's work, so it cannot be said, as by Huss, whose martyrdom beyond the borders of Czechoslovakia is commemorated in Prague by a fine monument, by which, in a public square, The Army stands for its Sunday morning Open-air, that "All cried out against me, as they did against Jesus." It is an impressive sight to see The Army holding its Open-air meeting near the striking monument mentioned, which if we remember right, depicts the spirit of the martyred Huss ascending from the liberating flames. The association of the monument with The Army colors the thoughts of numbers who are present, many of whom think of the brave little man, Huss, who when stripped of his clothes and tied to the stake, his arms turned backwards and a rusty chain put around his neck, cried out "Our Lord Jesus, my Redeemer, was bound with a heavier chain."

We remind ourselves of the words "Pravda Vitez" (truth prevails), which are inscribed on the escutcheon of the state, and which have special significance to our comrades in all their Open-air fighting, and especially hard by the monument mentioned. As we moved about the city from point to point in order to get into touch with our comrades during the Sunday we were in Prague, the sight of the familiar uniform and the flag and the gleaming instruments as we saw little

**"L**AST WEEK we had the Argentine Naval Training Ship 'Sarmiento' in the Port of Colombo," says Lieut.-Colonel Raja Singh (Colles), Commander for Ceylon. "I went down to the jetty to see it, I could find any of the Argentine sailor-boys and was delighted to see a little bunch with the blue and white banner of the Argentine fluttering in the breeze. I addressed myself in Spanish to the lads, whose eyes sparkled to hear their own tongue. Fortunately I had one of my Spanish visiting cards in my pocket, on which I wrote in Spanish directions to our Central Holiness meeting and gave them a cordial invitation. It is evident they passed the word on because a small group of Argentine sailors came to the meeting. I had to have a few words with them in Spanish from the platform. In our last Central Holiness meeting we had addresses in English, Cingalese, Tamil and Spanish. We make it a point to include a little Tamil in these gatherings because we always have a fair sprinkling of Tamil, and they naturally like to hear something of their own language. So in one language or another the good news of Salvation is spread."

**CEYLON**

**Transportation de Luxe. Missionary Officers in India experiment with unusual traveling facilities**



**A** FULL page article with pictures recently appeared in "The Tiempo," a leading Santiago newspaper, with reference to a Home or Shelter for poor men, opened a few weeks ago under Catholic auspices. The article states that during an interview the Archbishop of Santiago commented as follows: "It is but just to recognize that up to the present only The Salvation Army has occupied

Army was born. We have seen it, seen the very spot, and have returned to our native land more than ever convinced that The Army was born of God, and that it is His Army; furthermore, our vision of it, which of necessity was somewhat limited, has been enlarged more than I will ever be able to tell my people, but I shall try hard to do so with God's help without doubt I have, as a result of my overseas visit, received a double portion of The Army's wonderful spirit."

**BURMA**



Official Organ of The Salvation Army  
in Canada East & Newfoundland

International Headquarters,  
London, England.

Territorial Commander,  
Lt-Commissioner William  
Maxwell,  
James and Albert Sts., Toronto 2

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be addressed to the Editor.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Transferred to the Staff with the rank  
of Staff-Captain:  
Commandant F. Ham, Men's Side  
Officer, Training Garrison.  
Commandant F. Riches, Divisional  
Young People's Secretary, Hamilton.

### PROMOTION—

To be Adjutant:  
Mrs. Ensign Squarebriggs, Lindsay.

### Newfoundland Sub-Territory

APPOINTMENTS—  
Ensign B. Jennings, to Sub-Territorial  
Headquarters, Capt. Ensign  
Ensign W. A. Mercer, to St. John's  
College.  
Captain F. Moulton, to St. John's  
College.  
Captain N. Feltham, to St. John's  
College.  
Captain M. Littlejohn, to St. John's  
College.  
Captain F. Stickland, to Grace Hospital.  
Captain M. Talte, to Grace Hospital.  
Pro-Captain E. Baker, to "The An-  
chorage."  
Lieutenant L. Butler, to Grace Hos-  
pital.

William Maxwell,  
Territorial Commander.

# Be BOLD for the RIGHT BY THE FOUNDER

AN INSPIRING ARTICLE FOR OPEN-AIR FIGHTERS IN  
THE FOUNDERS' CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

"The righteous are bold as a lion."—Proverbs 28:1.

INQUIRE of yourself whether you possess this holy boldness,  
or whether you have it in the degree required to meet the  
needs of a dying world and the wishes of Jesus Christ. If  
you have it not set to work to acquire it.

Look at the value of boldness. Compare the work of the  
warriors of the Cross, who have been in dead earnest for the  
Salvation of men, with that of those who have been cold and  
fearful, however clever, or learned, or eloquent they may have  
been.

Find out what are the special hindrances to you being an  
earnest, energetic warrior. When you see where your particular  
weakness lies, guard against them, or go for their removal with  
all your heart. God will help you. He can make the worm to  
thrash the mountain, and the things that are not to bring to  
naught the things that are.

Do not be deterred by failure, or what seems like it, from  
doing your best on every occasion, because you never can judge  
which will prosper more, whether this or that.

Rise above caring for the opinions of those about you  
when they seem likely to hinder your being a daring and suc-  
cessful Soldier of the Cross. Do your work regardless of the  
frowns or smiles of men, get beyond caring about what "he  
says" or "she says" concerning your work or your measures.

Keep right with God. Allow no cloud to obscure your  
perception of truth. Your sympathy with perishing men and  
women will very much depend on your clear realization of their  
value, condition, and destiny, and of the love of God for them.  
This illumination is Divine. You only see the things of God in  
the light of God. Do not allow any selfish gratification or  
doubtful indulgence to come between you and the Sun of  
Righteousness, and so shut out from your soul His blessed light.

When you perceive this value of souls, the grandeur of  
their powers, the joys possible to them in Heaven if they are  
saved, the pains certain for them in Hell if they are lost, you  
will feel for them. Oh, you must keep right with God every  
day, nay, every moment.

Righteousness and boldness go together.

## EUROPEAN TERRITORIAL APPOINTMENTS

New Leaders of The Army's  
Forces in Norway, Finland, Den-  
mark, and Holland

The following well-known Ter-  
ritorial Commanders, who have each  
served in The Army's ranks for  
many years, have been informed by  
the Chief of the Staff of their ap-  
pointments by the General to the  
Commands indicated:

Commissioner Karl Larsson, of  
Finland, to be Territorial Com-  
mander in Norway in succession to  
Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, whose ap-  
pointment as an International Com-  
missioner has already been an-  
nounced.

Lt-Commissioner Reimert Gundersen, of Denmark, to be Territorial  
Commander in Finland.

Lt-Commissioner William Howard,  
of Holland, to be Territorial Com-  
mander in Denmark.

Colonel Bouwe Vlas, International  
Secretary for Europe, to be Ter-  
ritorial Commander in Holland.

Commissioner Larsson's Scandi-  
navian experience is already a wide  
one. He has held most of the im-  
portant Staff positions in Sweden,  
the land of his birth, and has twice  
Commanded our Forces in Finland,  
as well as done brave service in  
Russia as a pioneer Commander. At  
another period he was in charge of  
the Work in South America.

Lt-Commissioner Gundersen has  
served in various capacities in Swe-  
den and South America, as well as  
in his native Norway, where he was  
Chief Secretary for some time.

Lt-Commissioner Howard's ap-  
pointment carries him back to Den-  
mark, where he served as Chief  
Secretary some years ago. His forty  
years' service comprises appoint-  
ments in Australia, the United  
Kingdom, Finland, France, and Swe-  
den.

Colonel Vlas, in all probability, had  
very little idea, when as a young  
man he gave himself up to The  
Army's Work in his native Dutch  
village, that the day would ever  
come when he would be called upon to  
command the whole of the Work in  
Holland, where, as well as in the  
Dutch East Indies, he has already  
filled the position of Chief Secretary.  
As is almost invariably the case  
with Officers appointed to such im-  
portant positions, the wife of each  
of the comrades named takes her  
full share in the responsibility of  
her husband's Command.

## COMMISSIONER MAPP

Leaves Toronto for England

Commissioner Mapp, the inter-  
national Secretary, left Toronto for  
London, England, on Wednesday,  
August 1st, after spending a week  
in the city, during which he was en-  
gaged in conferences with the Com-  
missioner and Chief Secretary. He  
also took the opportunity to run out  
and inspect the Fresh-Air Camp at  
Jackson's Point and renew acquaint-  
ance with many of the Officers for-  
lothing there.

The Commissioner looks well after  
his long journeying and campaigning  
in the Antipodes, and is evidently  
much impressed with the splendid  
progress of The Army "down under."

## The General

Continued Improvement in our  
Leader's Health

We are glad to be able to inform  
our readers that the improvement  
already reported in the condition  
of the General's health is being  
maintained, and that although he  
still has a long way to go before  
he can contemplate taking up any  
work of a serious character, his  
medical man is satisfied that the  
movement is in the right direction.

The announcement in another  
column of certain Territorial ap-  
pointments on the Continent is in  
itself an indication of the General's  
ability to enter into certain classes  
of business.

Since our last announcement, the  
Chief of the Staff has had inter-  
views with the General upon several  
aspects of important affairs, and  
one or two leading Officers of  
I.H.Q. are being permitted to spend  
a short time with him.

Every Salvationist will praise God  
for His goodness in answering  
prayer, and will continue, we are  
sure, to implore Divine help for  
and blessing upon both the General  
and Mrs. Booth.

## Canadian Ensign For East Africa

In the appointment of two Canada  
East Officers—Adjutants Betts and  
Fairhurst to Kenya (East Africa) our  
Territory has established a very de-  
sirable link with that interesting coun-  
try. This link is being appreciably  
strengthened by a generous act on  
the part of the Montreal Citadel Band.

Adjutant Fairhurst wrote the Ter-  
ritorial Commander, explaining that the Ter-  
ritorial Commander was desirous of  
placing flags of various nations in the  
Central Hall, Nairobi, and asking if  
Canada East could contribute the Ter-  
ritorial ensign. The Commissioner  
thought he would give a section of a  
certain Corps the privilege of pro-  
viding this and the Montreal Citadel  
Band was chosen.

The Commissioner planned to ac-  
cept this gift in a meeting on his re-  
turn from Newfoundland, but was pre-  
vented from so doing by a railway  
accident.

The presentation, however, was  
made at the Montreal Union Station  
by Bandmaster Goodier, Deputy Band-  
master Tatchell, and Band Secretary  
Sutherland. In receiving the emblem  
our Leader made the remark—"Who  
knows? perhaps some day an Officer  
from Montreal Citadel will be in  
charge of this Territory!"

The ensign is of attractive pattern,  
size about five feet by three feet and  
with the Montreal Citadel Band's  
official name-plate neatly affixed in  
the corner.

## THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

HAMILTON 1—Sunday, August 26th (Opening New Citadel).

TORONTO Temple—Sunday, September 2nd (Sunrise at night, fol-  
lowing Salvation Meeting).

SAULT STE. MARIE 11—Saturday, September 8th.

SAULT STE. MARIE 1—Sunday, September 9th (Both Corps unite).

NEW LISKEARD—Tuesday, September 11th (Cobalt and Halleybury  
to unite).

KIRKLAND LAKE—Wednesday, September 12th.

TIMMINS—Thursday, September 13th.

# The Founders' Centenary Call Campaign opened on July 5th, and will Continue for Twelve Months



## "AUNTIE" AND OTHERS"

### Another Eventide Home in Great Britain

By a London Journalist

I THOUGHT of her as I sat in the comfortable L.M.S. train that covers the two hundred and one miles between London and Liverpool in less than four hours. Poor old Auntie I remembered how she had kept those years after her mother died, and had nursed him through that long last illness which had been such a tax on her physical and financial resources. Then the sad little funeral and her departure to a situation as cook-housekeeper. How she had felt the drudgery of it but had managed to keep working until her Old Age Pension was due. Then the disappointment as she found that what she thought would be rest resolved itself into a sordid struggle to make fifteen shillings per week sufficient to live on when ten shillings must go for rent.

### Was "So Tired"

The Vicar's visit and his practical suggestion that The Salvation Army might help her out. Her admission to the Eventide Home by the sea and her introduction to her own little room with easy chair and comfortable white bed. Just a few minutes sufficed for her to arrange the few relics of her better days—the clock on the mantelpiece, the old oil-painting on the wall, then she asked permission to go to bed—she was "so tired."

The doctor came when, at the end of the second day's sleep the kindly Matron felt worried—but he only said, "Let her sleep; she is trying to make up years of needed rest!" During the week that followed the blissful hours were spent alternately during before the fire in the sitting-room and sleeping in the comfortable bed. On the eighth day she did not wake at all. The doctor looked at her emaciated form. "Tired and starved to death" was his verdict. For her the Home had come just too late.

The train was speeding on past Darenton, where stands the conglomeration of poles and wires through which England calls the world, and I wondered to Liverpool the message through, that if The Army had been too late for this "Auntie" it was in time for an ever-increasing number of other Aunties and Grannies. For I was on my way to the opening of the thirteenth Eventide Home in Great Britain. This one, through the generosity of the late Mrs. Mary Fowler, a life-long friend of The Army, would provide a haven in Liverpool for thirty-six more old ladies.

### Into Paths of Peace

It is a beautiful English mansion, big rooms, wide fireplaces and long windows, yet cosy with central heating. And the grounds with the beautiful old garden with its majestic trees and velvety lawns. What a wonderful thing that Aunties and Grannies, should be allowed to finish their days in such comfort. For, as Commissioner Catherine Booth said in her speech at the opening, "It is a wonderful thing to take a child and lead it, but it is perhaps even more wonderful to take the trembling old hands and lead their owners into paths of peace. My only regret is," the Commissioner went on to say, "that by the terms of this bequest the Home can only provide for old ladies. I think the thought of thirty-six maiden ladies and widows sitting there without a man has a touch of melancholy in it. I like the Homes ago at St. Leonard's on Sea, where there is also accommodation for old men. It keeps them all young together."

## PROMINENT OFFICERS WEDDED

### THE COMMISSIONER Conducts Marriage Ceremony of Colonel Levi Taylor, Field Secretary, and Major Margaret Lewis, at the Toronto Temple

#### COMMISSIONER MAPP, INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY, TAKES PART IN SERVICE

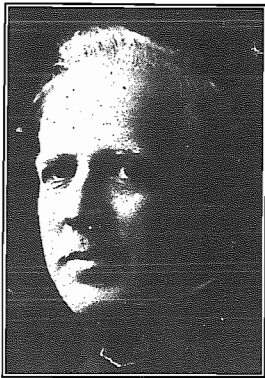
THE WEDDING ceremony of Colonel Levi Taylor, Field Secretary, and Major Margaret Lewis, was conducted by the Commissioner in the Toronto Temple on Saturday morning, July 21st, a goodly crowd being present to witness the proceedings.

To the accompaniment of the wedding march, played by Brigadier Easton, the Commissioner and the bridal party entered and took their seats on the platform, the bridegroom being supported by Colonel Henry, the Chief Secretary, and the bride by Ensign Poag, of the Finance Department. Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp, as guests of honor, were also present.

Colonel Taylor, then extended his congratulations.

"It is a great pleasure to me to be present at this happy event in the lives of two comrades whom I greatly admire," he said. "Much could I say about both. My knowledge of Colonel Taylor extends over twenty years and I have no hesitation in saying that he is straight up and down in character. He is a man of God and of righteousness a Salvationist marked by loyalty and devotion. Speaking of his wife, she is a sweet soul and the wishes of my wife and myself for both of them are well expressed in the beautiful benediction just pronounced."

A number of messages of congratulation.



Colonel and Mrs. Taylor

on the platform which was prettily decorated with palms and flowers.

### Solemnity and Dignity

The service was characterized by solemnity and dignity, and it was manifest that the will of God had been earnestly sought in this step and that His blessing was upon it. The opening song was a beautiful prayer for the Divine presence and sanction, the lines:

"Hallowed let this union be,

With each other and with Thee," undoubtedly expressing the sincere desire of the many friends present.

Mrs. Commissioner Mapp then bestowed God's blessing. "We thank Thee for the Colonel and for his life spent in Thy service," she prayed. "We thank Thee for the bride and for what she has accomplished in Thy Name. May they be united in a bond of love and hallowed friendship."

After the reading of a Scripture portion by the Commissioner, the bride and bridegroom arose while the Articles of Marriage were read, in which the special promises made by Salvationists entering into a state of matrimony are set forth.

### Army Ideal of Marriage

The Army ideal of marriage was very succinctly explained in these Articles, it being made clear that better service for God is the main object of two persons thus uniting their lives.

At the close of the ceremony which made our comrades man and wife, the Commissioner pronounced the old Hebrew benediction:

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Commissioner Mapp, the Interna-

tional Secretary, then extended his congratulations.

"It is a great pleasure to me to be present at this happy event in the lives of two comrades whom I greatly admire," he said. "Much could I say about both. My knowledge of Colonel Taylor extends over twenty years and I have no hesitation in saying that he is straight up and down in character. He is a man of God and of righteousness a Salvationist marked by loyalty and devotion. Speaking of his wife, she is a sweet soul and the wishes of my wife and myself for both of them are well expressed in the beautiful benediction just pronounced."

A number of messages of congratulation.

## INTERNATIONAL PARS

We regret to say that the health of Colonel David Mische, who has been Territorial Commander in Brazil ever since the unfurling of the Flag in that country, is so unsatisfactory that it has become necessary for the General to agree to his taking a lengthened furlough.

Lt-Colonel Steven has taken the Command in Brazil.

After undergoing a serious operation, Commissioner Bregle, of the U.S.A., is now out of hospital and about again. It is interesting to record that at a moment of great weakness, when it became necessary for the doctors to conduct a transfusion of blood, a large number of the Cadets in Training in the New York Garrison gladly volunteered. The Cadet who was chosen by the doctors for the purpose suffered no ill effects from the transfusion.

Colonel Joseph Barr, who is leaving the West Indies in order to take command of the Army in Australia, has been able to secure temporary office accommodation for Headquarters purposes at the residence of his wife. The new address is 101 Queen Street. It is hoped that Army buildings for this purpose will be erected in the near future.

Lt-Colonel Chas. A. MacKenzie (recently appointed to the oversight of Army operations in Eastern India), with Mrs. MacKenzie, left London last week for Calcutta.

Brigadier Imlie, who some time ago furloughed from Australia, where he was resident Migration Secretary, and who has since been visiting New Zealand and Canada, to study Migration requirements, has arrived in London and taken up his new duties at Migration House.

Staff-Captain George Robinson, the Young People's Secretary for the South-West Scottish Division, has been appointed to the oversight of Training operations at Kingston (Jamaica), under Colonel Cloud, in succession to Staff-Captain Allan Jacobs, recently removed to British Honduras as Divisional Officer.

## TERRITORIAL PARS

Lt-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson arrived in Toronto on Tuesday last en route to their appointment in Newfoundland.

Ensign and Mrs. Clinton Eacott have arrived in this Territory on furlough from China. They traveled across the Pacific with Mrs. Commissioner Toff, who is on her way to the Homeland, accompanied by Adjutant Lindquist.

Word has been received of the death on July 30th, at St. Georges, Bermuda, of Mr. Rodger Spurling, for many years a warm friend of The Army.

Mrs. Spurling, formerly with her daughter, feel their loss keenly. She will be remembered by many early-day Officers and comrades as Ensign Laura Brehaut, of Charlottetown.

Ensign James has been transferred from the Newfoundland Field Force to Eastern Territory, U.S.A. He will be taking up duties in the New York Home and Hospital, New York City.

Not the least enjoyable phase of Lt-Colonel Southall's trip to Australia and New Zealand, he intimates, was the meeting with old comrades whose names, if not their faces, are familiar to Salvationists in many countries. At Sydney the Colonel met our former Territorial Commander, Commissioner Souton, whilst at Melbourne he talked with Commissioner Wharmore. It was his privilege to meet Commissioner Mapp at Auckland, New Zealand, where he met with old comrades whose names, if not their faces, are familiar to Salvationists in many countries. At Sydney the Colonel met our former Territorial Commander, Commissioner Souton, whilst at Melbourne he talked with Commissioner Wharmore. It was his privilege to meet Commissioner Mapp at Auckland, New Zealand, where he met with old comrades whose names, if not their faces, are familiar to Salvationists in many countries. At Sydney the Colonel met our former Territorial Commander, Commissioner Souton, whilst at Melbourne he talked with Commissioner Wharmore. It was his privilege to meet Commissioner Mapp at Auckland, New Zealand, where he met with old comrades whose names, if not their faces, are familiar to Salvationists in many countries.

### A Sterling Salvationist

"Regarding the Colonel I met him for the first time seven years ago and a closer acquaintance has only served to confirm my impression that he is a sterling Salvationist. I am happy to have been honored to conduct this service and I extend to the Colonel and his wife the love of Mrs. Maxwell and myself and wish them many years of happiness and usefulness."

The bride was then called on to speak. The words "Hallowed let this union be" in the song sung at the commencement of the service had taken hold of her heart, she said, and her prayer was that, in her new relationship she might be blessed and be a blessing.

Colonel Taylor followed, saying that he praised God for the blessings of the many years spent in His service. His only desire was to be in the will of God and he was thankful for His leadership, for there is nothing of greater influence in a man's life than the love and comradeship of a good woman.

Adjutant Foster, of the Subscribers' Department, also desires to thank the many comrades and friends who expressed their sympathy in connection with the wedding, and to thank his mother, at London, Ontario.

The Commissioner then closed with prayer, commending our comrades to the love and blessing of God on their united lives and service.



# Our Musical Fraternity



## "ESPRIT DE CORPS" AT ITS BEST

### THE RISING GENERATION

We who are grown-up are inclined to forget that the boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow, and therefore every effort devoted to improving our boys and youths, either spiritually or musically, will have an abundant reward before many years have passed. We should not be discouraged because a few of them leave us as soon as they have become at all proficient. Perhaps if we were a little more painstaking, and a little more affectionate and long-suffering, a greater percentage might fight their way through to life-service for the Master. A certain amount of check rein is

THE PHRASE "esprit de corps," will not be strange to many, especially to the comrades who served in the Great War, who will probably recall some amusing incidents, as that of the battalion wag who, would usually sing out something like the following: "Stand back the Buffs and let the Essex pass!" Each regiment likes to feel it has seen the roughest fighting, and each soldier that his particular unit was more efficient than any other in the service.

That is "esprit de corps"—a spirit that should be developed in the lives of

task and remarked that probably he and others like him were largely responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of the Band; further, I pointed out to him that dissatisfaction, when alienated from optimism, is not conducive to progress, and that one inordinant "Job's comforter" could soon convert others to his way of thinking unless he was checked at the beginning. I remarked, too, that as a comparative stranger to the inner workings of his Band, it was not very kind of him to advertise its failings to me! My talk with him set me thinking that the discontent to be found in some Bands is due, in some measure, to this dreary outlook and miserable spirit of foreboding on the part of Bandsmen themselves.

To entertain such a viewpoint oneself is not helpful, but when used to influence others it becomes a positive wrong, and frequently occasions serious consequences. Once discontent in a Band is an advancement is negative. For myself I try to apply "esprit de corps" to every side of my Band warfare.

A mother's love for her son is such that to her there is no son like him, and she is very reluctant to admit any of his faults; to a stranger she would not mention them, but dwell only on his virtues. She endeavours to shield him from reproach. Such is her love for her boy; such is her charity toward him; thus whilst not blind to his faults, yet she upholds him and sings his praises.

This should be the attitude of Salvationists one to another. To successfully do our part toward the making of a fine Band or Brigade we must always seek to improve its standing spiritually and musically, to uplift its name whenever possible, and to look upon it as our Band—our Brigade—in which we have a direct interest, and are affected by its reputation.

Let us more and more practise "esprit de corps" in all matters pertaining to the Band or Brigade in which we play or sing, and in doing so we shall contribute to the general well-being of things, and make the spiritual attack we are waging upon the Devil's kingdom more effective by the happy, united front we present.

### A COMPANION TUNE INDEX

Showing the Number and First Line of the Song of The Army Song Book, and the number of its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the New Band Tune Book.

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (\*).

Experience and Testimony	No. in Tune Book
203 I've traveled the	231 337
204 I'm a prodigal	202
205 I've left the land	15 32 33
209 I have glorious	*484
211 Happy they who	224 225
212 I once was very	129
213 When the shadows	418
215 I once was a	238 239 240
217 You may sing of	556
218 I am saved	556
219 God loved the	115
220 Begone vain world	419
221 When my heart	124
222 Once I heard a	439 440
223 I'm loaded with sin	469
225 Would you know	255 256 257
227 Dear Jesus on	526
229 And can it be	156 216 219
230 I never shall	25
232 With forward	16 * 30 31
233 My soul is now	*183 185 187
235 He tells me when	314
236 My heart is fixed	231 232 233
237 God's anger now is	418
238 My God, the spring	47 48
239 Come, comrades	247 250
240 Oh, the blessed	445
241 I'm glad	Salva-
242 I'm free	123 140
243 'Tis the promise of	354
244 Though I wander'd	228 229 230
245 In evil long	52 54
247 Jesus is my Saviour	292 240
248 My God I am	355
249 Oh, tell me no	240
250 'Twas Jesus my	*233 240
251 Before I got	441
252 Come, ye that fear	477
253 I was a slave for	116 118
254 My Saviour suff'ed	381
255 I have found a	235
257 I found a Friend	412
259 I am saved	580
260 I've heard of a	423
261 Oh, I have been	108 110 111
263 A thousand thou-	52 55
sand	(To be Continued)

### Doings of Hamilton II Band

During the past six weeks Hamilton II Band has been kept busy. On Jan. 14th the Band rendered a program at the Woodlands Park. A visit was paid to Alton on June 23rd. Collector being taken up on behalf of new recruits for the Band. While playing there the officials of the town asked the Bandmaster if his Band would be glad to put on a program in the park. This was agreed to, and on July 15th the Band paid another visit to Alton and gave a musical program in the park.



### MAKING A START AT CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.

With fine optimism a comrade writes "This is the beginning of our Band, we are not going to stop at this." (Front): Captain and Mrs. MacMillan, Sergeant Rodgers. (Back): Bandsmen Battman and Wiltson

necessary and beneficial to the young, but judicious encouragement and careful direction of the lads' surplus energies, oftentimes result in developments that surprise both the lads and the teacher.

Learners' classes should be in operation at all Corps where there are two or more spare instruments. It will help to hold the lads, and will mean that whenever a vacancy occurs in the Band, there will be a player waiting to fill it.

Into the hands of The Salvation Army Bandsman has been committed a great trust. He is placed upon a pinnacle of publicity where he can either make or mar the influence of the Corps to which he belongs. Chords, Bands, Songster Brigades, and such-like Combinations for assistance in the worship of God or the conduct of the Salvation War have always been a special mark for the attention of the Devil.

If the Tempter is unable to set the members or Bandsmen either quarrelling among themselves or with authority, he is often successful in turning their very unity and efficiency into a curse to their Corps.

There is need for constant watchfulness, and for it to be continually remembered that the whole Salvation Army, of which all the Bands and Songster Brigades are but parts, exists to win souls and help men and women to be good, and that, as Lieut. Colonial Slater has so often pointed out, the best music and song for it are those that best assist in the accomplishment of this purpose.

Kitchener Band has lost one of its most valued members in the person of Deputy-Bandsman Norman Dockery, who farewelled recently for Yonkers, New York, U.S.A.

Salvation Army Bandsmen and Songsters concerning their particular "regiment."

While engaged in conversation with some young bandsmen recently one spoke of the Band of which he was a member in very pessimistic terms, belittling the efforts of his comrades in rather a shameful way. I took him to

### STRIVE TO PLAY WELL

A well-played instrument is like a trained choir

A well-played instrument is like a good voice, and a good Band like a well-trained choir. There is one advantage the vocalist possesses, and that is that he can use the words as well as the music, whereas the instrumentalist has only the music to help him. Nevertheless, if the soloist knows the words of the song he is playing, he can, if he has the correct musical temperament and the requisite knowledge and skill, deliver the message quite effectively.

There can be no doubt whatever that our Bands appeal to a greater number of people than we sometimes suspect. This is one reason why we should always endeavor to play at the top of our form. We undoubtedly have in The Army a large number of players with fine gifts, yet very few manage to become really first-class players. One wonders if this is partly because they are too economical—making a half-hour's practice do when one or two hours would be better. Another trouble is that many players do not realize the heights to which they might, with training and practice, eventually attain.

Let us aim high, and make a desperate, persevering effort to reach our ideal.



ANOTHER STURDY YOUNGSTER  
A new combination at Montreal VIII, for which big things are anticipated

### A HISTORIC DOCUMENT

The current issue of "The Bandsman and Songster" is of exceptional interest to all Salvationists in that it celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of Brass Bands as an instrument of Army warfare. The sixteen pages of this Jubilee Double Number are packed, not only with the usual instructive features, but

with authentic statements, made by pioneers in the early history of Bands, regarding the Army's music world. Songster Brigades, and of the publishing of music for them, together with photographs reminiscent of other days, with matter calculated to revivify the dimmest recollections of the veriest veteran and to re-inspire the youngest of our youthful musicians.

# MARIE OF THE MOUNTAINS

## A Tale of The Texas Border

By S. E. C.

### CHAPTER VIII

#### Back to the Home

THE GIRLS dropped their bundle and turned startled faces in the direction whence came the sound. Marie did not recognize the approaching vehicle as the police patrol, but her friend did, and at the sight of it, she took to her heels and fled, Marie following her example. But the patrol covered the intervening space in a remarkably short time, so did the caretaker.

"Not so fast, girls, not so fast. We've got you all right."

Marie heard the sound of the voice close behind her, almost drowned by the roaring of the patrol motor. The girls stopped, and the caretaker had them both by the arm when the patrol reached the spot.

"Here they are, chief," said the caretaker, when the car stopped where the little group was standing.

"Yes, we know them all right," said a big voice from the patrol, "Matron Edwards was after us to search for them long before daylight."

The door of the car was opened while the policeman was speaking and in a few minutes the girls were being hurried back to the police department. The bundle of furs lying on the floor of the wagon was a continual reminder of what might have been.

It was the stern-faced Matron who met the party when the police station was reached. There was very little sympathy in her usually kind face. Marie had had her chance, now she must be handled without gloves. Not a word did she speak as Marie was thrust into one of the rooms and the door securely locked.

She turned to the chief and Aaron Briggs, who were waiting to hear what she would suggest should be done to handle Marie.

"I'm going to phone the Adjutant. If she wants to have her back again, all well and good, but if not, I'll handle her, and you take it from me, she'll be handled right."

Aaron Briggs continued to watch the Matron as she called the Rescue Home.

"You can have her back again, if you want her," he heard the Matron say, and then followed a long silence, during which the expression on the Matron's face changed several times. At last she hung up the receiver, and turning to Aaron, said:

"Well, what do you know about that; the Adjutant won't have her back again. She says she's asked her to go back to the Home for the last time; if the girl ever goes back she will have to be for the privilege. She said, 'Put her on bread and water and solitary confinement until she comes to her senses.'"

"Aaron nodded his head in agreement. "Mighty good advice, Matron, mighty good advice. That'll sure cure her. But say, that little Adjutant has got some iron about her as well as velvet, eh?"

For three long days Marie experienced the horror of solitary confinement. Only the Matron came near the cell where she was, and then only to leave her food, and go away. Marie paced the floor of the little room like a caged animal; she was burning with anger and hatred, but

as the second day drew to a close a change came over her. She sat on the edge of her cot, her head in her hands, and her thoughts whirling through the medley of the preceding days. One thought seemed to stand out more clearly defined than the other: she had found a friend in the Adjutant, and now, through her own willfulness, she had lost her. Over and over again, she found herself repeating, "I've lost her, I've lost her." When Matron approached the cell door with Marie's food, she was surprised to hear the sound of her voice, as if the child were in conversation

"Matron! Matron!"

No reply. Again she called, and listened, and called again. Presently she heard the sound of footsteps approaching the cell. At the sight of the Matron Marie's tears flowed anew.

"I want to go back. I want to go back," she sobbed, as the key was turned in the lock. "I won't try and run away again. Let me go back."

The hand of the Matron patted the shaking shoulder of the girl, as she said, "I'll go and call the Adjutant and see what she says, but you must stay where you are until I get her

the mountains was forgotten in her eagerness to return to the shelter of the only home she had ever seen. The moments seemed to pass on leaden feet while Marie waited for the Matron's return. She contrasted the crude and poverty-stricken environment in which her life had been spent, with the comfort and order of the Rescue Home, and waves of desire urged over her as she thought.

But perhaps the most striking change that had taken place in Marie's thinking was the outlook for the future. Hitherto she had lived with only the passing moment in



BILLY-BOY WAS WAITING FOR HIS MISTRESS TO COME HOME.



IF ONLY THE ADJUTANT WOULD TAKE HER BACK AND GIVE HER ANOTHER CHANCE.



THE SCHOOL HOUR BECAME AN EAGERLY ANTICIPATED PERIOD.

with someone. Cautiously she approached the door and peeped through the bars. Marie was sitting on the edge of her cot, and staring at the opposite wall, while her lips were repeating a melancholy phrase, "I've lost her." She was quite unconscious of the opening of the door, and started nervously when she felt the Matron's hand upon her shoulder.

"Who have you lost, my child?" asked the Matron, all her sternness disappearing at the sight of the forlorn little figure in the prison cell.

"The Adjutant," was Marie's answer.

"No, I don't think you have lost the Adjutant," was the reassuring reply. "I think the Adjutant would be glad to have you back at the Home again, if only you knew enough to behave yourself, and not try to run away. But you can take it from me, the Adjutant won't have you back at the Home until you ask to go and promise to stay."

The Matron closed the cell door as she spoke and once more Marie was alone. The bare walls of the cell seemed to crush in upon her, and she buried her face in the pillow on her cot in an effort to shut out the oppression of it. The tears overflowed her eyes and her slender body shook with sobs.

Presently Marie rose to her feet, a look of resolve upon her tear-stained face. She crossed to the door of the cell and called through the bars:

answer."

Once more the door closed and Marie was left again with her tumultuous thoughts and feelings. She stared through the bars of the cell, her hands tightly clenched, her teeth biting into her lip until a thin streak of crimson ran from the corner of her mouth. All her thoughts were of the Home and the Adjutant. Even her desire to reach

mind. No thought of the future or what it might hold for her ever occurred to her. She had lived in a world bounded by the mountains and the plains and limited only by the speed and endurance of Billy-boy. She had not even faintly glimpsed the possibility of another and larger world beyond the narrow confines of Jose Melito's neighborhood.

Now she knew that the world was larger than she had thought, and not only larger but it held people vastly different from the uncouth folk of her acquaintance. It had been gradually dawning upon Marie that she might perhaps become like one of the women she had recently met, the Matron, or the Adjutant. If only she could learn to be something like the Adjutant. Her thoughts raced at the audacity of such a conception. If only the Adjutant would take her back to the Home and give her another chance, she could learn to be like her.

Such were the thoughts that were filling the mind of Marie Melito, while she waited the return of the Matron. So engrossed was she that she scarcely heard the turning of the lock in the cell door. She looked up as the door swung open. Standing in the corridor, the same sweet smile upon her face, was the Adjutant. She stretched out her hands to the child in the cell, and with a cry of joy Marie Melito flung herself into her arms.

The days which followed were filled with a quiet joy for Marie Melito. Her welcome back to the Home had been hearty and real, and as it was evident that it was an entirely different Marie who had now returned with the Adjutant, no mention was made of her past misadventure.

(Continued on page 14)



# News from NEWFOUNDLAND



## A VETERAN LOCAL

Was once a drunkard but God's power delivered him and he has been a faithful Salvationist for thirty-five years

A drunkard made sober—the "impossible" made possible! That is what has been achieved in the life of Edward Warren, veteran Salvationist of thirty-five years standing, and present Sergeant Major of the Bishop's

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER—Lieut.-Colonel Dickerson SPRINGDALE STREET, ST. JOHN'S

## PROMOTED TO GLORY

SISTER MRS. HANN,  
Wesleyville

It is our sad duty to report the death of a much loved comrade in the person of Mrs. Ed. Hann, of Wesleyville. She was called home on June 22nd after a week's illness. Her passing was most triumphant; she was a saint who sang and shouted and praised God with her latest breath. She besought her loved ones to live for God, and sent beautiful messages to her father, whom she would see more on earth, but in Heaven. We sympathize with those left behind, especially the husband who was ab-

## WITNESSING

By CAPTAIN JACK BATTEN

"Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."—2 Cor. 5:11.

THERE is a tendency today, because of improved educational facilities and enlightenment to think that testimony or witnessing to the work of Grace in the soul is not essential. The argument of some is "Live the life of a Christian, that will speak for itself, look after your own eternal welfare, and if the other fellow wants to go to Hell, let him go, every man must choose for himself. All know what is the right thing to do."

Such forget that in just as great a measure as ever we are our brother's keeper. How selfish, therefore, and in the sight of Almighty God, how inexcusable such a theory is. What would be thought of a man who had a terrible disease which was killing him inch by inch, hurrying him to an early grave, if he found a wonderful and complete cure, and then saw a friend or loved one being carried down in the dreadful grasp of the same deadly disease, yet never mentioned it or tried to persuade his friend to try the cure. If thousands were dying of the plague, and knew no relief, and he possessed the secret, yet withheld the news, in the light of personal responsibility he would be considered little better than a criminal.

A disease worse than any physical disease has fastened itself upon the people, more terrible than the Black Death which carried off thousands all over Europe in the 14th century, one third of the population of England dying from it, or the influenza which was the scourge of the Great War. This disease of the soul is demoral-

izing and corrupting beyond words to describe, hastening our loved ones before our eyes, and carrying off to eternal death thousands. It is SIN, the destroyer.

Some have found a cure. What is to be thought of them if they do not proclaim it to the world, and try to persuade all people that there is hope?

Thank God for the number who can say "I know of a Saviour from sin." They have proved that the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.

Personal testimony backed by personal experience makes it a certain sound. Never before was there greater need of Holy Ghost witnesses. God calls us to testify. Jesus said to His Apostles "Ye shall be my witnesses, unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

Therefore it is not to be wondered at if witnesses are eager to testify, on platform, pulpit, and street corner. It is impossible to be witnesses and be silent, the dumb cannot, do not witness. The urge is because "Knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men."

All the universities in the world, and all the theologians and Bible students put together could not reveal the terror of the Lord to one whose eyes have been blind-folded by the Devil. Nothing but a personal touch from the finger of Christ will reveal this. But when we can say "Because we know the terror of the Lord we persuade men," sinners will become interested in their eternal welfare, and will flee from the wrath to come. God grant, therefore, that we continue to "Cry aloud and spare not."

## AN ICEBERG RELIGION

The testimony of a Newfoundland comrade which needed some explanation

It was the month of May and along the shores of Newfoundland the weather was still quite cold, owing to the presence of large ice-bergs which were drifting slowly from the north, gradually losing themselves in the vast expanse of the Atlantic.

During a rousing testimony meeting held in an Army Corps, a Soldier rose to speak and expressed himself thus:

"Dear friends, I am glad to tell you that I am still saved, and I believe in this ice-berg religion. If you haven't this then your profession won't hold in the testing time. Get it today."

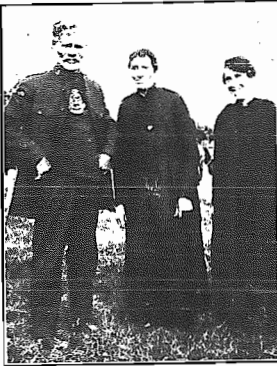
When he sat down there was a gleam of comprehension on every face. Personally I was mystified. "What is an 'ice-berg' religion?" I questioned with myself. I knew that ice-bergs were large white masses of ice, resembling marble, but this man's testimony was living—red-hot—full of fire. At dinner, I sought information, and this was the reply I received.

John knows that every ice-berg is partly seen and partly unseen below the water. He has been told that approximately one-eighth is above and

seven-eighths below the water. This is where he draws his lesson. He says that one-eighth of his religion is in his face and actions—coming into view—but the greater part is hidden in his heart where he has a peace and joy and satisfaction which he cannot



Captains Willis Rideout and Pearl Squires, recently married at Grand Bank



Sergeant-Major Warren, with his wife and daughter

Falls Corps, Newfoundland.

He has been with The Army ever since it opened fire in Bishop's Falls. Officers and comrades prayed long for his conversion, and many tears were wiped over him.

The Sergeant-Major is seen at his best in a battle for souls, and nothing gives him greater joy than when the penitential form is filled with sincere seekers.

Sergeant-Major Warren and his family are out-and-out Salvationists. Their home is always open to visiting Officers; it was here that Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell and party stayed, during their visit last Summer.

Sister Mrs. Warren is a skilled nurse, whose services have won the commendation of the townfolk. Corps Cadet Hilda has been hopes of serving some day in the ranks of The Army as an Officer. At present she is the Corps organist.

Commandant J. Cahine, the Corps Officer, writes that "the Warren family are worthy of all the good that can be said about them."



Brother and Sister Turner, Soldiers of the Corner Brook Corps



Sister Mrs. Hann

sent when the call came; he feels his loss keenly.

Our sister was a Salvationist for many years, having begun her career as a tiny Junior in St. John's.

## BROTHER SAMUEL LEAR,

Port de Grave

Brother Samuel Lear, of Port de Grave Corps, has been promoted to Glory. He was converted when he was a young man, fishing on the Labrador Coast. He was one of the pioneers of Bay Roberts Corps, and knew what it was to face mobs of unruly ruffians, who heralded The Army's advent with jibes and sneers. "Uncle Sam," which name was lovingly bestowed upon him by acquaintances, lived a consistent life, and died a triumphant death. For twenty years he held the important position of Corps Sergeant-Major.

The funeral service was conducted by Commandant Simmons, of Bay Roberts, assisted by Ensign and Mr. Winsor, of Clark's Beach. Many were unable to gain admittance to the church—a powerful testimony to our comrade's true Christian life. The Memorial service was conducted by Mrs. Ensign Winsor.

We praise God for such a life as Brother Lear's. May He sustain the bereaved relatives in their hour of loss.

express in words.

John's testimony lingers with me I search my heart daily to find whether my experience is like his—founded, solid, steady—or if it is merely a matter of outward form, uniform, singing, attendance at meetings, religious duties or kindred activities.

Unless these are actuated from a deep-seated belief in God and a constant relling of His Divine Grace, then these outward forms will burn as dross, in the day when fire tries every man's work.—M. Moore, Lieutenant.



# THE REGENERATION OF SIDNEY MARKHAM

HOW A DRINK-SLAVE'S SHACKLES WERE SNAPPED — HE IS NOW  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERGEANT-MAJOR AT DRESDEN, ONT.

**D**RUNK at five years of age! That was the sad experience of Brother Sidney Markham, of Dresden. It happened thus: His father, a big cattle-dealer of Islington, London, England, was putting through a deal of his den with several cattle-men. This being effected to Mr. Markham's satisfaction, wine and cigars were produced. Sidney then appeared on the scene. Boy-like he was curious. His father's visitors appeared to be enjoying the contents of the bottles and he wanted some. Father very properly refused his small son's request, but the selfish attitude, "Don't do as I do as I say," had as little effect upon Sidney as would be expected. When the gentlemen's festivities had ceased Sidney's began. The den being empty he furtively crept in and made his way to the mysterious cabinet where the bottles were kept. He laid hands on a bottle and drank. It was stronger than little five-year-olds are used to, so that there is small wonder that young Sidney went to "sleep," and he didn't wake up for three days!

## Love for Social Glass

Sad to relate this was but the beginning of a disgraceful catalogue of drunken sprees. Curiosity was supplanted by a love for the social glass which in time resolved into a passion craving. Little did Sidney reckon to what depths of degradation this first drink would lead him. But there were other escapades which served to drag our young friend down.

At the age of eight he learned to smoke, and until he was ten he indulged in his father's cigars and wines apparently without the knowledge of his parents.

Later he took a fancy to boxing and ultimately became the sparring partner of "Dick" Stanley, who at one time was a bantam-weight champion.

His parents by this time were at their wit's end to know what to do with their erring son. They sent him to a well-known racing-stable as apprentice to a jockey. Here, as a child, he learned to toss dice and a few other things as bad if not worse, and took to drinking heavily.

Tiring of the stables he thought he would like a taste of military life, so he enlisted in the 1st Middlesex Regiment. It was, however, only a "taste"; after six months he deserted, but was captured and sentenced to three months hard labor. Having served his time he again deserted.

## Enlisted in the Marines

One day, whilst under the influence of liquor he enlisted in the Royal Marines for "twelve years, twenty-one if required." Perhaps he would have thought twice before doing so had he been sober! He was a little under weight, but the Sergeant on duty soon remedied that. He gave Sidney a cup of warm water and down went the scales.

Apparently life in the Marine Depot at Walmer Castle, Deal, was not all "cracked up to be" at. At any rate, on a certain day, Sidney proceeded to put as much of the Kent countryside between himself and the Depot as his legs would permit. Alas, Her Majesty's mislaid son turned, and Sidney did seven days in the cells. He professed no wish for this sort of again departed from under the "hospitable" tutelage of Walmer Castle. This time his "French leave" came to an abrupt termination at Canterbury.

He was at length delegated for service on the seas, being told off for duty on H.M.S. "Condor," but at

the last moment his orders were cancelled and he was appointed instead to H.M.S. "Pembroke."

Surely God was guiding Sidney Markham's destiny, despite his stubborn disregard for His Father's desires. The H.M.S. "Condor," sailed to her doom. She was never heard of again.

## Sailed the Seven Seas

From the "Pembroke" Sidney was transferred to the "Hawk" of the Mediterranean Squadron. On this ship he sailed the "seven seas," cruising around the world. Perhaps his most vivid, if somewhat shameful, recollection of this voyage was the fact that he was drunk at every port.

When a little past nineteen years of age he returned to Chatham, was paid off and had another disgraceful spree. On his discharge some time later, he took up the vocation of hostler. This might suggest a somewhat prosaic and monotonous existence in comparison to that of an adventuring sailor. But Sid was lively enough; perhaps a little too lively for his own and others' good. With his companions he would stage unique betting contests. In one of these remarkable episodes, at least, Sidney was the acclaimed victor, having consumed in the course of the contest fifteen pints of beer and a glass of whiskey. He staggered home and went to bed. In the morning, although his brother was sure he had come to bed he could not be found. After a rather anxious search they found him—under the mattress! Instead of between the sheets! He had slept on the spring, and appeared to have rested quite comfortably.

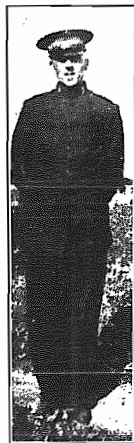
## A Queer Courtship

Margaret came into Sidney's life at this period. Margaret is now Mrs. Markham. Needless to say their courtship was not exactly what might be termed humdrum. The second time Sidney met Margaret he was drunk, and during the five months which preceded their marriage, our friend was locked up several times.

A similar tale of drunkenness marred what might have been the turning-point in his career. He kept his wife and relatives in a perpetual state of terror from his drink-madened exploits. Brief mention of one or two incidents will serve to show the terrible manner in which a man can become enslaved by drink, which makes a selfish, avaricious monster of a man.

When their first baby was six weeks old he drove mother and babe into the pouring rain, snatched a large mirror from the wall and panned it. What did not go into the bartender's till was gambled.

As a rough rider at a Blue Cross Depot he earned good money which all went over the bar. It was this in fact which lost him a fine position as head horseman. He was riding a horse while drunk. The beast didn't appreciate the fact and took the bit between its teeth. Like a wild-west cowboy on a broncho, Sid and his steed cavorted a means of reform. They decided to send him to Canada. Even on the eve of his departure Sidney's passion for the cursed glass nearly caused him to lose the boat. His mother was at the wharf to see her prodigal son off, but instead of asking her forgiveness for his unfilial actions he spoke harshly to her and



then departed in search of the nearest bar. He arrived back just as the gang-plank was being hoisted, his wife and his mother being almost distracted looking for him. They were the last to board the ship.

## His Entry Into Canada

His entry into Canada was decidedly inauspicious. He landed at Chatham, Ontario, with ten cents in his pocket, and his wife and child were reduced to the extremity of sleeping at the railway station.

His drunken escapades were no less frequent nor heart-breaking than those already detailed. Two weeks after arrival he was in jail with a battered face, which required six stitches. He again proved that it doesn't pay to ride behind a horse when drunk. After having attempted this he was found at midnight in a ditch; the horse and cart were missing.

It would seem at this time as if Markham was past saving, but that is often when "God works in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform." It was so with our brother.

The Spirit was striving mightily for His rightful place in the man's soul. It appears to have been one of Lawley's song-gems—Number 61 in the Song-Book, that led to Markham's conviction. The first two lines in the last verse made a powerful impression—"Listen sinner, thou art drifting, drifting downward to thy doom." The warning words were borne to his ears from an Army Open-air meeting. His wicked past rose before him and with it the awful fear of impending doom. He sought relief from his torturing thoughts in drink. That night while in the home of a friend whom the Corps Officers were visiting, he gave his heart to God.

## In a Sad State

For fifteen months he "kept it," but in an evil hour he fell, and in the words of our Lord, "the last state of that man is worse than the first." We will omit the sorry catalogue of failures, which marked his backsliding. He sank as low as it was possible to sink. The old enemy, drink, seemed to have mastered him completely this time.

But on April 18th, 1924, as he records with gratitude and humility, God spoke peace to his soul in a Soldiers' meeting. Since that time he has stood as firm as Gibraltar. He is now the Young People's Sergeant-Major. His "good lady" is a devoted Soldier; six of their eight children attend The Army, and in the words of Captain Bloss, a recent Officer of the Dresden "Tower of Strength" in the Corps.

## TEN ATHEISTS AND GOD

(Continued from page 3)

afternoon and walked and walked into the woods. Hour after hour I walked, struggling with misery. I did not return home till two in the morning. I passed my mother's door. The light was still burning. We always went in to kiss her good night. But I could not face her. She heard me pass, and guessed I was having a struggle. Although not strong, she got up and knelt in agony, wrestling in prayer for me. She prayed until her strength was spent. But at five she had the assurance that her prayers for me were answered.

I could not sleep, I could not rest in my room. The unrest and struggle brought me eventually to my knees, and in absolute desperation I yielded myself to God. In a strange yet blessedly real way He revealed himself to me. Oh! the peace—and the happiness! It was heaven!

When I went down to breakfast the next morning my mother met me with beaming face. I wanted to tell her, but she said, "I know it, my son."

"Oh, mother, the joy of it!" I said. And she responded quietly, "Yes! And the duty!" I did not then understand. I do now.

## I Tell My Father of My "Foolishness"

My father was opposed more and more sternly to God, and met my advances unmoved. I felt myself burning with a desire to do all I possibly could to undo the past, and to spread the good tidings of great joy. Although I had studied much for the law and was almost through with my studies, I could not go on with that. I must be a missionary. I told my father of my intention. He was a good father, and had made provision for me to get on in this world. I was almost ready to take the place he had hoped I would take. He thought my new plan was an absolute waste of my time. How could anyone make a success of another line when so equipped for one, and having spent so much time preparing? And the thought of this "religion" was awful to him.

He very plainly told me he could not abide such foolishness and would give me one day to think over the matter; I was then, in a word, to give my answer. I could not alter my decision. My father made it clear that I would be banished absolutely from the home—he would have one son less. I came to give him my answer. I wished to soften the blow by explaining. I felt sorry for him. But he sternly asked for the one word. When I gave it, I had to go—on once.

## Cut Off Entirely From Home

Only God and myself know what the next two years meant to me. To work one's way through college was unheard of in my country—it was not done. I was cut off entirely from home. Part of my punishment and the learning to turn me from my source was to forbid my mother to write to me. My letters were returned unopened. But we had made a compact that we would pray. How I prayed for father! In the street, at my studies, always, everywhere, I besought God to save my father. I struggled with poverty—from two rooms to one room, from one to garret, from three meals a day to two and less.

Then, after two years, my father came to see me. Oh, what a change! At sixty-eight years of age his proud, atheistic heart was broken down, and he received Jesus as his Saviour like a little child.

And my brothers were all saved. One by one, as my mother said they would, they came to Christ. My father has gone to Heaven, and my mother is now frail but rejoicing in answered prayer.

## Parrsboro Anniversary Services

PARRSBORO (Captain Williams, Lieutenant Rumford)—The forty-second Anniversary Services of this Corps were conducted on July 14, 15, and 16th, by Major and Mrs. Tilley. That a great deal of interest was created was evidenced by the numbers that attended the meetings. In the Sunday evening meeting the Corps was presented with a new drum. This was made possible by the comrades and kind friends of the Corps. Many messages of interest were read, including one from the Rev. Mr. Dwyer, and one from Colonel Hughes, of U.S.A. In the red-hot Prayer-meeting which followed THREE seekers gave their hearts to God. A banquet and entertainment were held on Monday afternoon and evening, at which a large crowd assembled. Visiting Officers included Commandant and Mrs. Hillier, from Truro; Captain Dale and Lieutenant Hicks, from Oxford; and Captain Tilley and Lieutenant Ogilvie, from Springfield. An excellent program was presented by the Young People of the Corps—M. Ogilvie.

## Bible Puzzlers

WOODSTOCK, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)—Despite the hot weather our Sunday morning Holiness meetings continue to create great interest, and comrades are being blessed. TWO young men sought God last Sunday evening, and one new Soldier was enrolled. Another enrolment took place a few weeks ago. Our week-night meetings are growing in interest and attendance. A Bible puzzle-question is given by the Adjutant every Thursday night, and a Scripture wall motto given to the first comrade submitting a correct answer. This is publicly presented the following week. The London Citadel Band visited Woodstock for the week-end of July 21st and 22nd. After Open-air meetings, a musical program of a high order was rendered in the Citadel. Jupiter Playbus was quite active on Sunday morning, thus preventing any Open-air engagements. The Holiness meeting was well attended and well conducted. Bandsman J. Oultram gave a very earnest address. The Band journeyed to the village of Embro in the afternoon, the weather having put on its best behaviour. A series of Open-air meetings was held in the evening, followed by a Salvation meeting. ONE young man came to God. The day finished with a program of music in Southside Park, at which a large concourse of people gathered.

## IS YOUR NAME ON OUR MISSING LIST?

Address Colonel Morehen, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, marking "enquiry" on the envelope.

**CHADWICK John**—Age 27 years; dark brown eyes. Came to Montreal about nine or ten years ago. When last heard of was in Ottawa. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 17144

**LAPLANTE, Louis E.**—The whereabouts of this man is urgently sought. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate. He is 30 years of age, height 5 ft. 8 in., fair complexion. His last known address was 228 Rue St. Henry, Montreal. 17052

**TORKELSEN, Will Summers**—Whereabouts of this man is being sought by his sister, Karoline. Age 44 years. When last heard from was living on Morse Street, Toronto.

**CARSON, Edward**—Age 21 years; fair

curly hair; fair complexion. He is a miner by occupation. Left home seven months ago on a boat at Milwaukee, bound for Halifax. Should this meet the eye, please communicate; father very anxious to hear from him. 17152

**FARKVAM, Ole Olsen**—Also known as O. Olsen Kvam. Age 52 years; average height; red hair. Should this meet the eye, please communicate; brother in Norway anxious to hear from him. 17055

**STEEL, William, or Pinwell**—Age 45 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; brown hair; grey eyes; sallow complexion; has a tattoo mark. He was on the S.S. "Sap" at the time of his disappearance on the 27th of September, 1927. Should this meet the eye, please communicate whereabouts, as it is urgently needed. 16077

**HINGTON, Allen**—Age 55 years; height about 5 ft. 8 in.; grey hair; blue eyes; fair. Native of Ireland. Very quiet and nervous. Last heard of in Orillia. Brother very anxious to hear from him. 17143

er's Day were attended by record crowds and were of a very helpful character. Many of the comrades paid tribute to the Founder. A gentleman of note, who sat in the audience, a warm friend of The Army, spoke very impressively of the Founder.

## Four Promising Cases

LISGAR STREET (Ensign Kettle, Lieutenants Barrett and Wilder)—A very pleasant and blessed day was experienced at Lisgar on Sunday, July 29th. At the night service a most profitable time was spent, finishing up with FOUR promising young people kneeling at the mercy-seat.—G.H.F.

## "Faith, Mighty Faith!"

SHELBURNE, N.S. (Captain L. Walker, Lieutenant L. Goodale)—We had an unexpected visit from three Truro comrades last night. Sergeant Major Hatt, Treasurer Mason, and Color-Sergeant McCarthy, who motored through here while on their holidays. A rousing Open-air was conducted. On arriving at the Hall we found no one there, but started the meeting, believing that someone would turn up. Before we finished quite a number had gathered. The meeting was enjoyed by all, and God's convicting Spirit was very much felt.—E. Goodale.

## Extra Open-Airs

PARLIAMENT STREET (Adjutant E. Davies, Captain M. Piche, Lieutenant G. Murray)—Lieutenant Murray has been recently welcomed to this Corps. Extra Open-air is being held during the Summer months. Friday Holiness meetings are proving a help to the Corps. On Sunday TWO seekers were registered at the mercy-seat, one for Sanctification and one for Salvation. The latter surrendered his tobacco and cigarettes, and gave a clear testimony of a definite work being done. At the close of Sunday night's meeting we held an Open-air at the home of a sick comrade, which proved a source of comfort and cheer to her.

## Blessing for Visitors

BARRIE (Ensign and Mrs. Langford)—We had a good attendance at our Saturday night Open-air. Large crowds also listened when we visited one of our Outposts, a Summer resort. Our music and singing and testifying brought blessing to those around. Sunday services were conducted by the members of the Home League, and a day of much blessing resulted.—Guard-Lieut. Smith.

## Record Crowds

SPRINGHILL (Captain Tilley, Lieutenant Ogilvie)—The services on Found-

## COMING EVENTS

MAJOR AND MRS. BRISTOW: North Toronto, Sun., Aug. 12: West Toronto, Sun., Aug. 19.

MAJOR CAMERON: North Bay, Sat. Sun., Aug. 11-12; Parry Sound, Sat. Tues., Aug. 18-21; Little Current, Sat. Mon., Aug. 25-27.

MAJOR KENDALL: Saint John 1, Sat. Sun., Aug. 11-12; Amherst, Sat. Sun., Aug. 18-19; Sackville, Mon. Tues., Aug. 20-21; Saint John III, Wed., Aug. 22; Saint John IV, Sat. Sun., Aug. 25-26.

MAJOR McELHINEY: Brantford, Sat. Sun., Aug. 18-19.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Danforth, Sun., Aug. 26.

MAJOR THOMPSON: Brantford, Sat. Sun., Aug. 25-26.

## MARIE OF THE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 11)

duct. The Adjutant made Marie feel that she intended to trust her, and no attempt was made to place upon the girl the stigma of captivity. In this warm and kindly atmosphere Marie expanded like a flower in the Summer sun. New and entirely unsuspected sweetness of disposition and character developed, and her mind expanded rapidly. The school hour became an eagerly anticipated period of delight. The mysteries of the three R's were mysteries no longer. The world of books slowly but surely opened up to her, and as she grew in knowledge, so, to the Adjutant's intense satisfaction, did she develop in character. She received word that her father was quite reconciled to the fact that his child was in good hands, and that he encouraged her to stay and make good. The rather pathetic message concluded with the news, which caused the scalding tears to rush to Marie's eyes, that Billy-boy was waiting for his mistress to come home again.

(To be continued)

# The Trade Department

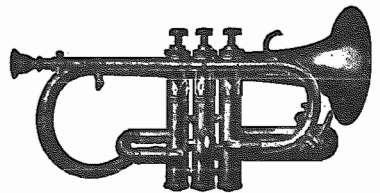
## Band Instrument Repairs and Silver-Plating

This is the season, while so many Bandsmen are away on holidays, to have your Band Instruments overhauled.

We would suggest that you look over every Instrument and send us those needing attention.

We will do the needful in repairs, including re-touching or re-plating.

Our repair-men are experts,  
and our charges are right



ADDRESS ALL ORDERS OR INQUIRIES TO:

THE TRADE SECRETARY  
20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO 2, ONTARIO

## Circulation Chart

<b>Halifax Division</b>	
HALIFAX I (Adjutant and Mrs. Boshor)	1,100
Truro (Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)	285
Halifax II (Commandant Wells)	275
New Glasgow (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	225
Yarmouth (Captain and Mrs. Mills)	200
Dartmouth (Captain and Mrs. Voisey)	185
<b>Hamilton Division</b>	
HAMILTON IV (Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)	575
Hamilton I (Commandant and Mrs. Wiseman)	650
Hamilton III (Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)	315
Hamilton II (Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)	250
B. G. Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	250
Galt (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)	225
Port Colborne (Commandant and Mrs. F. Devos)	225
Kitchener (Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton)	200
Bridgewater (Lieutenants Ford and Vair)	200
Wagstaff Falls I (Lieutenants Kimmich)	180
Gulph (Commandant and Mrs. White)	170
<b>London Division</b>	
ST. THOMAS (Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	325
Stath (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)	270
London I (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)	250
Woodstock (Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)	250
Stratford (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	200
Owen Sound (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)	180
<b>Montreal Division</b>	
MONTREAL I (Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	1,075
Montreal II (Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	315
Montreal III (Ensign and Mrs. Hart)	300
Montreal IV (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	250
Montreal V (Captain and Mrs. Worthylake)	200
Montreal VI (Vardun)	200
Belleville (Ensign and Mrs. Rawlinson)	180
Pictou (Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)	170
Cornwall (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	155
<b>North Bay Division</b>	
TIMMING (Ensign and Mrs. Bell, Lieutenant Semple)	400

(Continued in column 4)

## "THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away. FILL IN AND REQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE, AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$\_\_\_\_\_ (or my property, known as No. \_\_\_\_\_, in the City or Town of \_\_\_\_\_), to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said Will to be given by me to \_\_\_\_\_, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustee for the said sum.

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property following clause: "For use in (Rescue or Prison) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER  
MAXWELL,  
20 Albert Street,  
Toronto 2.

## HALIFAX HEROES HEAVE HARD

MARITIME CHAMPIONS AGAIN OUST MONTREAL FROM FIRST PLACE—WATCH MONTREAL'S IRON DUKE—WHAT WILL HIS NEXT MOVE BE?

HAIL THE BOOSTERS! WELL DONE, ORILLIA!

HELLO EVERYBODY. "Locum tenens" speaking. C. M. Rising is having a holiday and has left me to give you the news of the big Tug of War. I know you are aching to ask

## A Lot of Questions

All right, fire away. Is the battle still on? It sure is. Is Halifax discouraged by Montreal's last rise? Not on your life. Are they game to go on a better? You bet they are. Just how did Boshor receive that last challenge of Gillingham's? Well, he called his strong men—and women—together, and they rolled their sleeves higher, dug their heels deeper, gritted their teeth, glared defiantly in the direction of Montreal, muttered "We'll show 'em," and forthwith sent the following despatch to the Editor:

My dear Major:

Just a line to say that we have decided to raise our "War Cry" 65, making our total 1,100.

No doubt Mr. C. M. Rising will be pleased with this information. (You bet he will.—L.T.)

What is Montreal's next move?

Yours sincerely,

Walter Boshor,  
Adjutant.

Immediately there was a long, strong heave, a mighty surge, and amid a cloud of dust the rope moved steadily toward Halifax.

Now then, all together, three cheers and a tiger for Halifax. Are you ready? Let 'er go.

Hip! Hip!! Hurrah!!!

Roll of drums, fanfare of trumpets, clash of cymbals, make the welkin ring. Brave Halifax, good old Halifax.

But through this triumphant music can you trace a note of anxiety? Did you notice the last line of that letter? "What is Montreal's next move?" Ah! The Halifaxians expect the Metropolitan to make a move then. They do not think friend Gillingham will accept this situation passively. And unless we are greatly mistaken they are right too.

I wish I could satisfy the Easterners's curiosity. I, too, would like to know what

## Montreal's Next Move

will be. I am not sure, but knowing what I know, I will tell you what I expect. Did you ever notice the Wellingtonian cast of countenance of

the Montreal I Corps Commander? Of course you have. Well, I seem to see him marshalling all the forces of his Herald Brigade and giving a truly martial address about as follows: My brave fellow-soldiers, comrades in arms, warriors brave, etc., etc. The enemy has stolen a march upon us, Halifax claims a victory in open battle, they are rejoicing and boasting in a most unseemly fashion, etc., etc. We cannot endure this. This talk of a tug of war is too weak for us. We are warriors. We will attack in force at once." Then in the best manner of the Iron Duke, "Let the whole line advance."

Following this I predict a bombardment which will shake the Metropolis, and a

## Red-Hot Telegram

to the Editor (letters are too slow), "Rush. Urgent. Immediate. Increase our 'Cry' order by —?" We shall see.

Halifax, you have done nobly, but if you slacken your efforts or zeal for one moment, Nemesis will be upon you.

Meanwhile let me pay a tribute to the Heralds of the two smaller Corps who have made increases. Preston and Prescott advance five and ten respectively. Well done, comrades.

## HATS OFF TO THIS WEEK'S BOOSTERS

Halifax I	65
(Adjutant and Mrs. Boshor)	
Prescott	10
(Capt. Hollingworth, Lt. Carr)	
Preston	5
(Capt. Dougall, Lt. Newman)	

On the percentage basis your increases are as great as those of Montreal and Halifax, and are as highly appreciated. Thanks much. Go on to greater things.

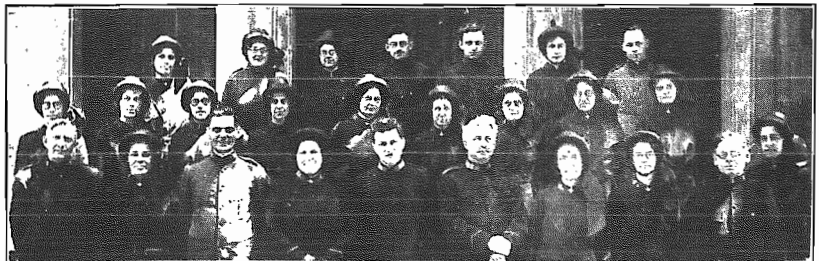
## Orillia Starts Something

One last word. Did you hear of Orillia's splendid move? You will remember the "Cry" featuring that old-young Corps. That week Adjutant Godden's order jumped from 250 to 1,000. There's a pretty broad hint for some other real live Corps and Corps Officer.

Keep things boiling, so that from his hammock our old friend can

—C. M. Rising.

(Continued from column 1)	
Sudbury (Captain and Mrs. Renshaw, Lieutenant Downs)	225
North Bay (Captain and Mrs. Jolly)	225
Sault Ste. Marie I (Ensign Waters, Captain Hallam)	200
Sault Ste. Marie II (Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton)	160
<b>Ottawa Division</b>	
OTTAWA I (Ensign and Mrs. Falle)	600
Ottawa II (Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)	210
Ottawa III (Ensign Page, Captain Miles)	160
<b>Saint John Division</b>	
MONCTON I (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	525
Saint John (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	275
Fredericton (Adjutant and Mrs. Foot)	265
St. Stephen (Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings)	225
Charlottetown (Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	225
Saint John II (Captain and Mrs. Payton)	180
Campbellton (Ensign Clague, Captain P. Ritchie)	160
Saint John III (Commandant and Mrs. Woolcott)	160
<b>Sydney Division</b>	
SYDNEY (Ensign Hiscott, Captain Adecock)	250
Glace Bay (Ensign and Mrs. Howlett)	235
New Waterford	155
Whitney Pier (Captain and Mrs. Williams)	180
<b>Toronto East Division</b>	
RIVERDALE (Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	400
Yorkville (Ensign Danby, Lieutenant Curry)	365
Danforth (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	275
Oshawa (Field-Major and Mrs. Osbourn, Lieutenant Knapp)	250
Peterboro (Ensign and Mrs. Green)	205
East Toronto (Commandant and Mrs. Kaymer)	205
Parliament Street (Ensign Davies, Captain Piche, Lieutenant Murray)	179
North Toronto (Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Bryant)	170
Bedford Park (Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)	160
Cobourg (Adjutant and Mrs. Pollock)	155
<b>Toronto West Division</b>	
LIPPINCOTT (Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	300
Dovercourt (Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham, Lieutenant Brookshire)	250
West Toronto (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	240
Lisgar Street (Ensign Kettle, Lieutenant Barrett, Lieutenant Wilder)	180
Toronto I (Captain and Mrs. Warrender)	170
Toronto Temple (Adjutant and Mrs. McBain)	160
Breck Avenue (Captain and Mrs. Green)	155
Swansea (Captain Currie, Lieutenant Beaton)	150
<b>Windsor Division</b>	
WINDSOR I (Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	350
Windsor II (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Nesbitt)	275
Windsor III (Ensign Hickling and Richardson)	225
Leamington (Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	160
Wallaceburg (Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	150



Officers of Ottawa City and Division who gathered to report a Smashing Self-Denial Victory. They are now going full speed ahead for the Centenary Call Campaign. (Major Beer was at Ottawa for a Divisional Audit)

## NEW LEADER OF NEWFOUND- LAND SUB- TERRITORY

(See page 12)

The Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland

No. 2286. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, AUGUST 11th, 1928

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.

## "Abundance of Rain"

SALTY JOHN (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)—Has a revival started at No. 17. It certainly appears so, thank God! We do indeed seem to be "casting off dull sloth," and to be taking a keener interest in the welfare of the Corps; a more sympathetic, brotherly spirit is evident.

On Sunday, July 15th, big crowds attended all the meetings, and we had a most blessed day. Outside, a dreary, depressing blanket of fog enveloped the city, but within the Citadel was a crowd of believers whose spirits no fog could dampen—on fire with enthusiasm for Christ. Converts of the last few days gave glowing testimonies to what Jesus is doing in their hearts. Five souls surrendered in the Holiness meeting. There was an "eager, anxious throng" at the evening meeting, and praise be to God FIVE other souls knelt at the Altar.

A very warm welcome was given to Lieutenant Dejeu, who comes to join the Staff at the Evangeline Hospital; and to Lieutenant Lawrence Ellison, the new assistant to Commandant. Green of the Men's Social Department, both of whom we expect will be soldering at our Corps—Sergeant Jay Bee.

## A "Quartet" Enrolled

MONTREAL III (Ensign MacGillivray, Lieutenants Wheeler and Rossiter)—We have just welcomed Lieutenant Rossiter. Our Open-air crowds are splendid, and we faithfully deliver the Salvation message. On Sunday God's presence was felt in our midst. Mrs. Ensign Matheson spoke from the Word, and the Truth was revealed. Adjutant Keith spent a recent Sunday with us and enrolled two Senior and two Junior Soldiers.

## The Weak Cheer the Strong

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. McBurn)—Three little girls, not like other girls, healthy and strong, but crippled, sang sweetly in the program recently rendered in the Toronto Temple on a Saturday night. A day or so after one of the little maidens gathered into the Heavenly Fold. They were from the Sick Children's Hospital, and had come with many of their little comrades to provide a happy time for those who were well and strong. Yiddish and guitar music, and bright, happy singing; it all showed the children's joyousness despite their physical infirmities. A large crowd was present, and the sight of the kiddies had an adorable appeal. The children were the organizers of the program, and his efforts on behalf of the children are greatly appreciated.—A. Payne.

## Visitors From U. S. A.

NORTH SYDNEY (Captain and Mrs. Everett)—Both Sunday and night meetings are being well attended. Commandant and Mrs. Abbott, of Boston, took a visit on a recent Sunday evening; their testimonies and duets were much enjoyed by all present. Our F-Pointers, who are all from Westmount, and a good number enjoyed the day's outing, the boat ride to the island, and the picnic, were especially pleasant. At sun-set everybody joined in a sing-song, and prayer was offered by another Father before we left the grounds.

## Field-Major Campbell Conducts Village Campaign

Field-Major Campbell recently conducted a successful campaign in Twend and the nearby villages. Bancroft, Stouffville, Markham, Brampton, Tainworth, Markham and Sulphide were visited and profitable meetings held. Many were very appreciative of the people. Lantern services were conducted which aroused much interest. But best of all, means of great blessing were made known to the people. Salvation were found at the mercy-seat. Major Best, the Divisional Commander, took a keen interest in the campaign, and whenever possible attended the meetings. The officers and comrades of Twend Corps also were all the assistance possible.

An effort to raise the necessary funds for the renovation of Twend Citadel was also crowned with abundant success.

## REVIVAL QUARTET ON TOUR

Training Garrison Officers Campaign in London Division

With the aid of the Corps Officers and Soldiers, we bombarded Hanover and the surrounding towns, and spent a successful week-end. Driving to Chesley on Saturday, July 7th, we held two Open-air meetings. All day Sunday we weather hampered us, but between the showers eight Open-air meetings were held, beside two indoor services. In the morning meeting, held at the Hanover Citadel, Captain Lorimer spoke very definitely on "The Army's bells in Holiness." Commandant Ham spoke in the evening to a packed Hall, and we rejoiced to see ONE soul at the mercy-seat. On Monday a number of Open-air meetings were held at Paisley and Warkenton. Sixteen Open-air and two indoor meetings were held during the week-end. From Hanover we proceeded to Mount Forest. With Captain Wilder and Lieutenant Vickers, the Corps Officers, we drove to Arthur, Kenilworth and Durham, and conducted Open-air services in each of these towns. On

Thursday we took the train to Wingham, where we commenced our campaign, extending to the surrounding towns. Gorrie and Wroter were visited in the afternoon. Returning at night we held an Open-air and indoor meeting at Wingham. Commandant Hink conducted this meeting, in which four of the quartet spoke, and Sergeant Royle gave the Bible address. Friday our campaign at Wingham was completed with a trip to Brussels and Lucknow. During the day we played and prayed with Adjutant Lott (retired), who is residing near Brussels. The Adjutant greatly appreciated this touch of fellowship and blessing. Encouragement was also given to the Brigadier, who has been ill for twenty years. We played outside the house and prayed with her. Many expressions of appreciation for the music and messages by the quartet are being received. The people generally are delighted to be remembered in this way by The Army.—J. Smith (Sergeant).

## Father and Son Lead

BARRIE (Ensign and Mrs. Langford)—Saturday night's Open-air, with Field-Major and a Lieutenant, a son (father and son) in charge, drew a crowd. Sunday morning's Holiness meeting was refreshing time, especially, conducted by the Lieutenant, who also visited the afternoon Company meeting. Quite a number attended the evening meeting, and all were interested in listening to Lieutenant Wiseman, who lived here as a boy with his parents, who were then the Officers of Barrie Corps. After a well-fought Prayer-meeting, conducted by Field-Major Wiseman, we had the satisfaction of seeing ONE backslider return—Guard-Leader Smith.

## Cycle Brigade in Action

RICHMOND HILL (Lieutenant M. Whitcher)—Our first Sunday with our new Officer, Lieutenant Whitcher, was the best. The day commenced with a soul-stirring Holiness meeting, in which much of God's presence was felt. In the afternoon our Salvation Cycle Brigade embarked for the surrounding country, carrying the Gospel message in music and song. Over thirty miles have been covered by the Cycle Brigade during the last two weeks. We are adopting aggressive tactics, and are looking for an opportunity to return. On Wednesday, July 11th, Captain Hawkes, Lieutenant Whitcher and Corps Sergeant Butler visited the village of Maple and conducted a number of Open-air, thus bringing blessing and help to the inhabitants.—Phyllis Robinson.

Brother George Holmes and Songster Nan MacLeod, of Lisgar Street, Toronto. A report of the wedding of these comrades appeared in our last issue

## Stirring up the Village

ORANGEVILLE (Captain Clarke, Lieutenant Higdon)—On Founder's Day, July 8th, special meetings were held in memory of the Founder. Addresses were given bearing on the Founder's life, and suitable songs were sung. The meetings are being well attended, several persons, who have just arrived in town, are attending. On Sunday, July 12th, a number of Salvationists went to Shelbourne, one of the outlying villages, where the Orangemen were gathered, and held open-air meetings. The crowd expressed their thanks for The Army's interest, and invited us back again.

## Songster Brigade Dedicated

MONCTON (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)—We had the pleasure of a visit from Major and Mrs. Kendall on Sunday 21-22nd. The Band accompanied by the Major and Commandant Speller, journeyed to Peticodiac for an Open-air on Saturday evening. The playing and singing of the Band and the Male Voice Party, were much appreciated by the large crowd. Sunday was indeed a day of devotion, and FOUR comrades came to the Altar for a deeper work of grace. During the day the Major visited the Young People and was well received. Our new Songster Brigade took part in the evening service, after Mrs. Kendall in a few well-chosen words, dedicated the Brigade under the old Flag. In spite of the hot weather crowds are increasing and souls are getting saved. The Outpost at Hillsboro is thriving and TEN seekers have recently knelt at the mercy-seat.—Old Timer.

## Converts Taking Their Stand

LUNenburg (Captain Sparks, Lieutenant Summerville)—We have said farewell to Lieutenant Vey, who has been covering the North Shore since the opening of the year last August. In her place we have welcomed Lieutenant Summerville, whom we believe will be the means of many a soul's redemption. Although the weather is very warm, the crowds maintain a splendid average. The converts are taking their stand. Recently we were favored with some visitors from Halifax, who assisted splendidly in the meetings, and through "The War Cry" we say, "Come again!"—C.S.

## CORPS BREVITIES

BEDFORD PARK (Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)—The week-end meetings were conducted by the Women Sergeants from the Training Garrison, and God blessed their efforts. In the morning Lieutenant Robinson brought the message to us, and at night Sergeant Lynch, of the same Garrison, enjoyed ONE seeker knelt at the mercy-seat in the night meeting.

COCHRANE (Captain Yurgensen, Lieutenant Harrington)—A glorious time was experienced on Sunday 22nd, and ONE man volunteered for Salvation. This man had been a drunkard for some time, and when sorrow came to his home he tried to console himself with drink, but now he has found a better way, and testifies that his trust is in God.—W.V.

## DRINK- SLAVE'S SHACKLES BROKEN

(See page 13)

## LIGHT IN THE DARK- NESS

Three Forward for Salvation when Lights Went Out

MONTREAL VI (Ensign and Mrs. Larnie)—Brigadier and Mrs. Ryan conducted old-fashioned revival meetings here on Sunday last. The morning service was a call to action, and the Brigadier referred to Ezekiel's vision, appealing for a sighing and a crying for the abominations of our great city. In the afternoon, at the Doyle Pavilion, the Band and Songsters rendered a splendid program of music, and at earnest exhortation was given to the crowd which gathered. At night the service was much conviction. The lights went out during the Prayer-meeting, but the light was continued, and THREE came out for Salvation.—Verde.

## Musical Visitors

OAKVILLE (Captain and Mrs. Hink)—We were specially pleased to have a visit from Captain V. Evans and Lieutenant Mason, who held Sunday's meetings. Their visit was undoubtedly in the forenoon. We had a long time in the afternoon and night meetings. Three new children attended the company meeting. The company instruments made a fine addition to our Band, and the people of Oakville are greatly blessed by the playing of hymn tunes. Both Open-air and indoor meetings were well attended. THREE seekers have knelt at the mercy-seat the last two weeks.—W. H. Price.

## Led by a Child

FARRY SOUND (Captain and Mrs. Calvert)—We have recently welcomed our new Officers, and they have already got away to a good start. A number of the outside villages have been visited. Open-air being held, with great numbers of people gathering around to listen to the message. Last Sunday we referred SEVEN seekers for the day. In the morning one comrade sang a duet with the Captain. In the night meeting a good crowd gathered to much of the Spirit of God was felt throughout the meeting. In the night Prayer-meeting, a sister volunteered to the mercy-seat, shortly followed by another. Just after this a brother, a night was witnessed as a little girl, about seven years of age, came and knelt at the mercy-seat, and in the morning she was taken home, followed by her mother. After a great struggle the father came as well. The girl also played in the Fountain—Corps Correspondent.

## Musical Trojans

GRANVILLE (Captain Underhill, Lieutenant Muir)—On Sunday, July 22nd, the Orilla Band paid us a visit, and worked like Trojans, bringing much inspiration and blessing to the work. Taking music and cheer to the people. The band was the first duty, followed by a visit to the National Studios. In the afternoon, a program was given by the band, followed by a visit to the Caydon Sanatorium, where many patients were christened. The band was also present at the night meeting, which was held in the First Hall, after which another program was rendered in the Park.—Vimy.

## IMMIGRATION & COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT

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